Dining Center firm's spotty past

PFM contract disputes

College	Reason	Date
Pepperdine University Malibu, Calif.	Unsanitary conditions	6/77
Monterey Peninsula College Monterey, Calif.	Racial and union problems	6/77
UC Santa Barbara Santa Barbara, Calif.	Poor food quality	12/77
Cal State Sonoma Rohnert Park, Calif.	Little profit	12/77
Lamar University Beaumont, Texas	Little profit	12/77

by Rick Aschieris

Charges of racism, unsanitary conditions, poor food, and the inability to produce a profit have forced Professional Food-Service Management (PFM) to lose four college accounts in California during this past year.

Six other campuses are reportedly satisfied with PFM's performance.

PFM operates the dormitory Dining Center at SF State. The center has been under study by an administration committee since March, when a city Health Department inspection turned up several violations. PFM has since met the department's requirements.

The study was ordered by Konnilyn G. Feig, SF State's vice president of Administrative Affairs. Results of the study were submitted to Feig last Friday, and may become public tomorrow, according to a source in Feig's office.

A boycott of PFM began last year at Monterey Peninsula College because of charges that PFM employees were being treated poorly.

The boycott started after John Pierce, then PFM's regional manager, said that "whites are generally better workers than blacks."

Monterey's chapter of the California Black Faculty and Staff Association began the PFM boycott last May. According to the campus newspaper *El Yanqui*, a letter from the faculty group charged: "For the past three years, PFM has been guilty of racial discrimination and maltreatment of black employees . . . and has also refused to allow employees to unionize."

The letter was mailed to PFM's corporate headquarters in Northbrook, Ill., and to about 20 colleges in California, the paper reported.

Mike Simpson, the former manager of PFM's Monterey operation, said that "Pierce upset every employee, but he was the best businessman around. He just wasn't effective with people. Pierce harrassed everyone on the staff. The black employees took his actions as being prejudice towards them.

"Dr. (George) Faul, (president of Monterey Peninsula College) said it would be in the best interest of all parties if Pierce didn't come on the campus anymore," Simpson said.

Faul wanted the controversy ended and, according to *El Yanqui*, said that "if PFM refuses to recognize the union, a 30-day process will begin to terminate the contract."

Simpson said that PFM replaced Pierce with Bob Severson.

"Severson had a heck of an organization (as manager at SF State) that worked with the students and provided for their needs, but it was too little too late" for Monterey, Simpson said.

At the time that PFM decided to leave Monterey, Severson said he would "be very happy when we come off that campus – very, very, happy."

According to *El Yanqui*, Severson said that "We'll stay there until our contract is up June 8, and believe me, we'll be right out after lunch. It will be the happiest day of my life."

Ronald Griffin, assistant dean of student personnel at Monterey, said, "We canceled the contract and PFM left on poor terms. I was disappointed with the way they handled the issue."

Griffin said there were some questions about possible inventory shortages that still have not been answered.

Griffin said he was "not satisfied with PFM on campus. The overall organization may be fine; just not on this campus."

In Santa Barbara, PFM lost a contract at The Fontainebleu, a private residence hall for UC Santa Barbara students.

Andrew Hammitt, owner of the establishment, said he "got rid of them (PFM) because they were not feeding food of the quality they (the students) were used to."

Hammitt said that "the success of the food service depends upon the manager."

Jill Hurd, a communications major at UCSB, said she did not like the food

Continued on Page 4, Column 1

PHOENIX

Volume 21 Number 26 | *San Francisco State University* | *Thursday, the Thirteenth day of April, 1978* | *Twelve Pages*

Unsafe squeeze in classrooms

by Frank Edson and Bill Miller

More than 1500 SF State students are enrolled in classes which violate state health and safety regulations and room capacity standards designed by the university, *Phoenix* has learned.

Only 49 students are permitted in classrooms with one exit door, according to Title 19 of the California Administrative Code and the State Health and Safety Code. Anthony J. Ferrante, supervisor of field operations for the state fire marshal's office in San Leandro, explained that the limit was designed to prevent injury to students and faculty fleeing during fires, earthquakes or panic situations.

"Some nut could run around school corridors yelling fire, and students could be trampled trying to get out of classrooms," Ferrante said.

He said there would be sufficient grounds for lawsuits against the university if students were injured or killed rushing out of overcrowded classrooms.

Ferrante said he can only make recommendations to the university, and is powerless to enforce health and safety regulations.

Once Chancellor Glenn S. Dumke was notified of campus violations, Ferrante said his office was cleared of legal responsibilities. It is now up to the university to rectify the problem.

"All you need is one death," Ferrante said. "If my son or daughter was killed or injured because of overcrowding I would raise hell."

In addition to health and safety limits, the university uses its own formula – 15 square feet of space for each student – to determine the capacity of each classroom.

Based on this semester's fourth week enrollment figures, 27 classes in eight departments and five buildings exceed room capacities by an average of 18.6 students. Only classes with enrollments of 50 or more students are included in this figure.

For example, a psychology class with 58 students is taught in a small room with one exit door. Despite a university capacity of 24, the class enrollment violates state safety limits by only nine students.

Room capacity standards, designed by the university to prevent overcrowding in classrooms, have been largely ignored as the student population increases.

Overcrowded classes were found this semester in the following departments: 10 in Psychology, four each in Black Studies and Physics, three each in Chemistry and Asian-American Studies, and one each in English, Speech and Meteorology.

The Psychology Department apparently has suffered most from overcrowding. It has 10 classes where the number of students exceeds safety limits and room capacities.

"There's a terrible shortage of classroom space," said Stephen Rauch, department chairman for the past 10 years. He said the availability of classroom space during "prime time" (9 a.m. to 2 p.m., Monday through Thursday) has changed dramatically during his years as chairman.

"There used to be vacant classrooms during the day available for student studying. Now we're forced to teach at night," Rauch said.

One psychology class meets off campus at the Ecumenical House on Holloway Avenue. Others are held in the Library and Student Union, he said. "Our faculty has learned to be nimble," he said.

Lawrence Harrison, an associate professor, teaches Psychology 453, one of the department's most overcrowded classes.

"This semester I tried to move my class, but because of the unavailability of other classrooms I couldn't. I'd hate to turn students away," Harrison said.

Harrison has allowed 55 students – 22 more than permitted by SF State room capacity standards – to enroll in his class held in Ed 304.

Daniel P. Gonzales, Asian-American Studies lecturer, teaches the departments most popular class, Asian-American Ideals and Institutions. There are 60 students in Gonzales' class, 32 more than BSS 122 is designed to hold and 11 more than the safety limit allows.

"My rooms have more chairs than the safety code allows," Gonzales said. "People are sitting on heaters and on the floor. I pulled chairs out of my own office to accomodate the number of students. But it's their own discretion if they want to be in an overcrowded classroom.

"I've asked students to enroll in another class (when one is overcrowded) but there aren't enough rooms to split sections," Gonzales said.

Academic Planner J. Bradford Pringle said 27 overcrowded classrooms out of the 4,000 sections offered at SF State is "not very significant," but admitted that it is a problem.

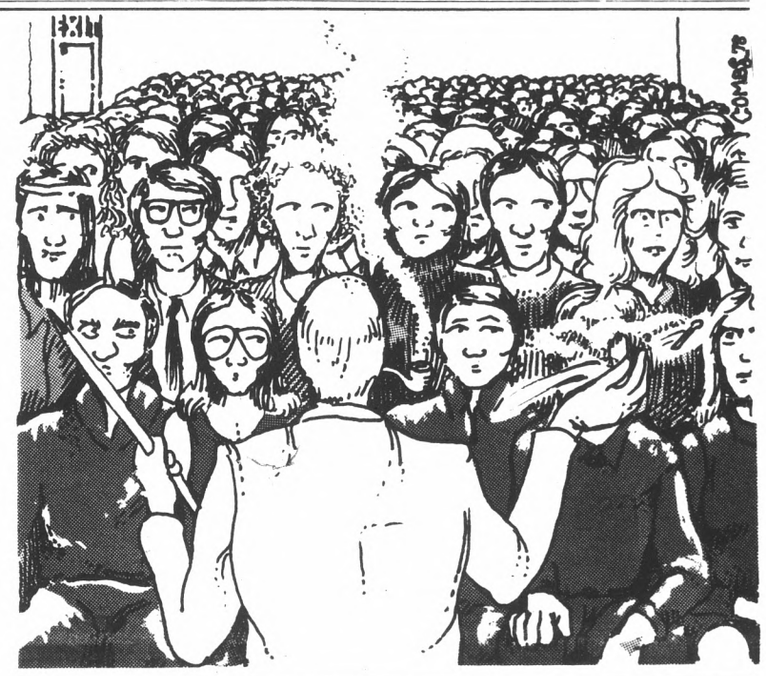
"I can't monitor each section," Pringle said.

"I can't control 1900 instructors," he said. "The custodians were told to keep the number of chairs in the classrooms to the capacity stamped on the nameplate (on each door). But there has been some opposition from schools."

Pringle said it is the responsibility of instructors and deans to inform his office at the beginning of the semester if overcrowding occurs.

DeVere E. Pentony, dean of the School of Behavioral and Social Sciences, called the lack of classroom space at SF State the "university's most serious non-intellectual problem.

Continued on Page 2, Column 5



Cold way to cheat death

by Ken Garcia

The aluminum foil was removed to reveal the large nose and black horn-rimmed glasses of a comedian frozen for 200 years. Woody Allen was still alive and he wanted to know what happened to his health food store in New York.

The scene was from the movie *Sleeper*, but the idea behind it is the science of freezing people into a state of suspended animation then bringing them back sometime in the future.

It's called cryonics, and the idea for potential immortality is being kept alive by a small group of enthusiasts who belong to the Bay Area Cryonic Society (BACS). Its members are gambling on the idea that technology will be advanced to the point where we can count on living forever.

Saul Paul Sirag, one of 45 believers who plan to be frozen and live forever, spoke yesterday to a small crowd in the Barbary Coast.

"I'm curious and interested in the future of science, technology and society," he said. "We won't find the answers in my lifetime and when they do, I want to be in on it."

In a sense he already is in on it because he has paid his dues for the future.

It costs $1,070 to become a member of BACS (all its members have paid to be frozen) and in order to insure that the arrangments are carried out, one must take out a $50,000 life insurance policy. This insurance costs someone in the 20 to 40 age range about $150 a year.

"But people shouldn't wait to save on costs," said Sirag, "because what if you die in a car accident? And your life insurance policy goes up as you get older."

The idea of immortality probably goes back to the beginning of man, but, freezing dates back only a few hundred years.

The actual technological possibilities, however, arose in 1964 when Dr. Robert Ettinger's "The Prospect of Immortality" came out. The first cryonics societies sprang up around that time and a person was actually frozen in 1967, when Dr. James Bedford put his "life on ice."

Since then, 14 others have joined him. They won't be able to join us until more technological advancements are made.

There have already been major breakthroughs. Hamsters have been frozen for hours and thawed back to normal. Blood and sperm has been frozen routinely for years. Dr. Isamu Suda kept a cats brain frozen for seven months and thawed it back to a normal condition.

"But we wouldn't attempt it with a human until we've perfected it with animals," Sirag said. "We haven't brought any mammals back from deep freezing."

One of the problems researchers

Continued on Page 5, Column 2

Carol Prager tackles an asparagus dish. Photo by Gary Cameron

Students cook with taste at $6,000 food academy

by Joseph Rodriguez

Sitting alongside wharves, atop grand hotels, and in downtown back alleys, San Francisco's restaurants offer a diversity of cuisines to connoisseurs and common folk alike.

And with this plenitude of fine eateries – some with world-famous names and reputations – goes a proportionate number of jobs for superior chefs.

However, until last year would-be chefs on the West Coast lacked a place to learn fine cooking without going through the usual apprenticeship.

The California Culinary Academy is such a school. For a $6,000 tuition one can learn to cook gourmet meals with the *savoir-faire* of a master chef – all in just 16 months.

The course makes preparing such dishes as *Escalope de Veau Cordon Bleu, Scallop Saute-Provencale* and *Filet de Sole Grenobloise* second nature for the aspiring chefs, says the school's director, Barrie West.

"And once our students complete the course, they will be qualified for top positions within the (restaurant) industry," he says.

The school was conceived by Danielle Carlisle, its vice president and a former research laboratory assistant at Stanford Medical Center.

Carlisle, an amateur chef, first became intrigued with culinary art a couple of years ago while in London. She enrolled in a session of a *Cordon Bleu* school.

During the course, she soon realized the need for a school in San Francisco.

Carlisle raised a quarter-of-a-million dollars on the strength of this idea.

In June, 1977, the school opened on the top floor of a five-story building on Fremont Street. The pilot course had 20 students. Since then, the program's enrollment has grown to 80.

With close to 200 applications having come in from all over the country, West is enthusiastic about the Academy's future. By next January, West said, the Academy hopes to have 150 students.

"I'm impressed," he said, "that students are now looking for a skill rather than abstract knowledge which they can't utilize. The industry is fast expanding and is in need of people."

The academy follows a European curriculum which enables students, with the completion of the course, to fully understand any cooking situation. Daily attendance, punctuality and discipline are required of the students.

"Adaptation is what we're looking for," West said. "Once the students know our program, they will be able to handle any new cuisines they come across."

Classes emphasize practical situations. Two-thirds of the program focuses on the kitchen – mastering the art of cuisine and pastry preparation. The remaining one-third of the course is directed towards other restaurant work, such as waiting on tables and familiarization with wines. The program also offers a theoretical cookery class.

While in the kitchen, students, one-third of whom are women, wear the traditional chef's attire: a white wrap-around smock, black tie and a tall white chef's hat.

The Academy is also popular with employees of the nearby Financial District, who make reservations two weeks in advance to eat continental meals prepared by students.

The teaching staff consists of six master chefs, all of whom are either European or have European experience. West says this experience gives his teachers a much deeper knowledge of the industry, which is necessary for teaching this program.

West, himself a master chef, says the restaurant industry is experiencing a national resurgence.

He attributes this phenomena to the breaking-up of family units and the all-around good dining situation found in this country.

"Americans are acquiring a taste for better foods," he explained. "The average American dinner houses are very good and it is much cheaper here to dine out than it is in Europe."

Traditionally, Americans have shunned working in the food industry. Much of this work has been performed by immigrant labor. Lately, however, as reflected by the Academy's growing popularity, Americans have become aware of and motivated by the money that's to be made in the industry.

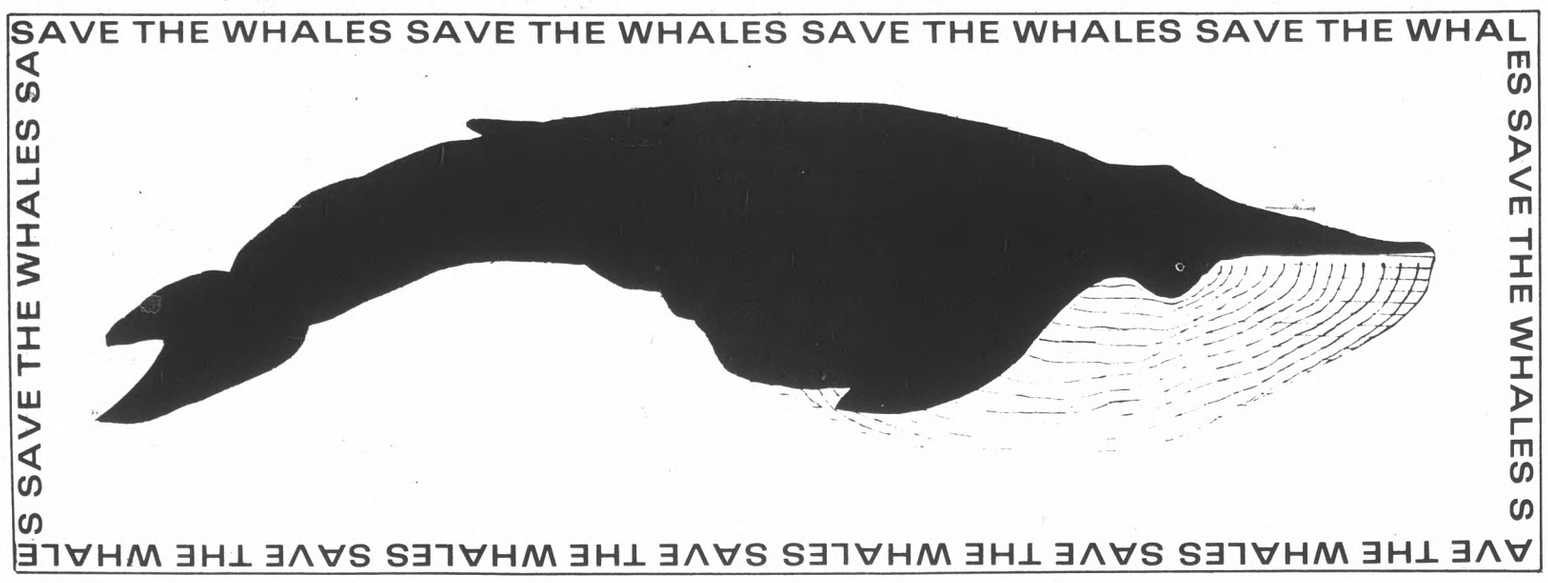
A *maitre d'*, for example, can make $137,000 in a given year.

Although he doesn't want to discourage anyone from a career in the food industry, West does try to dispel any romanticized notions students may have when applying for admission at the Academy.

West points out to prospective students the work, pressures and

Continued on Page 4, Column 2

Greenpeace fights whaling


SAVE THE WHALES SAVE THE WHALES SAVE THE WHALES SAVE THE WHALES
SAVE THE WHALES SAVE THE WHALES SAVE THE WHALES SAVE THE WHALES

by Marty Ludwig

When *Moby Dick* was written seafaring characters such as Captain Ahab were considered romantic. Today, whalers are seen as the destroyers of a vanishing species. Greenpeace Foundation, an international ecological organization, acts as preservers of the whales.

Whaling, outlawed in the United States with the passage of the Marine Mammal Protection Act in 1972, is still a major industry in Russia and Japan. The whale blubber is used in perfume, cat and dog food, shoe polish and lubricating oil.

Since 1975, Greenpeace has been sending its fleet out to the Pacific Ocean in attempts to stop the slaughter of whales. So far, its ships have encountered only Russian whale ships.

Zodiacs, inflatable dinghies equipped with large outboard motors, are part of the Greenpeace operation. They are hoisted down from mother ships to interfere with the whaling procedure. The Ohana Kai has been part of Greenpeace since last year. The ship developed mechanical problems and is docked on the San Francisco waterfront. Crew member Eric Mathews, 23, explained the tactics involved in confronting whalers.

"What we do is put the Zodiac between the harpoon and the whale," he said. "Sometimes we are successful, sometimes not."

The ship is also equipped with cameras.

"The Russians won't fire harpoons over us, or in front of our cameras. They won't leave dead whales floating on the water for our cameramen to see because they occasionally have taken undersized whales," Mathews said. Catching young whales is a violation of International Whaling Commission regulations.

It is illegal for foreign fishing ships to come within 200 miles of the United States coastline. Before this territorial limit was established in 1975, foreign fishermen could come within 80 miles of the California coast looking for sperm whales. Whales hunted include the finback, sei, beaked, sperm and bowhead.

White, gray, pilot, humpback, killer and blue whales are considered rare and are protected by international law. Judy Johnson, a Greenpeace representative, said blue whales are so scarce they can't find each other to mate.

Although the United Nations has called for a worldwide halt to whaling, the Russians and Japanese have ignored the moratorium.

Greenpeace launches a two or three week whale crusade each year. Each campaign costs about $150,000 to cover operating costs. All crew members are volunteers. The money is raised from contributions, benefit concerts and walk-a-thons. This summer a campaign will take place off the Baja coast, where the Russians have recently been whaling.

Whales aren't Greenpeace's only concern. The "Save the Harp Seal" campaign has also been going on since 1976. The organization was inspired to fight for the seals because of the efforts of Brian Davies. Since 1964, he has been protesting the skinning of baby harp seals.

Harp seals are born with snow-white fur which darkens with age. Seals under three weeks old are stalked by trappers. The fur is used for fashion coats in Russia, Germany, France and Norway. Russian and Norwegian trappers hunt the animals in the North Atlantic. The United States has stopped seal hunting and dealing in fur.

The last Greenpeace seal campaign ended March 21.

"We had a five-Zodiac blockade of Halifax harbor (Nova Scotia) to keep the Norwegian fleet bottled up there," Mathews said.

"The blockade worked for 24 hours. After that the Norwegian ships tried to come through. First we were hit with water hoses. That didn't work. Next, they threw chairs, tables and garbage over the side at us. That didn't work. Finally, they just drove a ship right through the blockade, causing one of the Zodiacs to nearly capsize. One lady was thrown into the icy waters. She was fished out and sent to a hospital for exposure and frostbite."

Mathews said he loves the adventure a sailor's life can provide. "My grandfather was a sailor," he said. "He sailed with the Canadian Maritime and Merchant Marine."

He also said he has a sense of responsibility. "I'm pro-environmental in the sense that I don't want any more animals to become extinct. I really don't mind if people want to kill animals, but there are people in the organization who want a total ban on killing.

"What we're working on is a 10 year moratorium on killing whales and seals, to give the populations a chance to replenish themselves."

Greenpeace began as an ecological foundation in Vancouver, British Columbia, in 1969. The name reflects its purpose – keeping the world green in a peaceful way. The foundation's first endeavor concentrated on opposing U.S. nuclear weapon testing in the Amchitka Islands and French testing in Polynesia.

Since then, Greenpeace branches have been established in cities all along the U.S. west coast. There are foreign offices in London, Sydney and Tokyo.

Four ships now comprise the Greenpeace fleet. The vessels are registered in Panama to avoid U.S. government harassment.

The Ohana Kai is docked between Piers 31 and 33.

The crew of the Ohana Kai is presently waiting for the return of vacationing captain John C. Cormack. When he returns, the Ohana Kai will sail to Monterey to be auctioned. A new ship will replace it.

Even if Greenpeace is not viewed as romantic, it knows how to get publicity for its cause. "We have tie-ins to KSAN," Mathews said. "By hitting radio stations when AP and UPI wouldn't take our reports, we've forced them to pick up on the story."

Another way of reaching the public is through benefit rock concerts. Greenpeace is planning a benefit concert in San Francisco, featuring Hot Tuna.

ABC television will present a one hour documentary on Greenpeace before June. A TV crew was taken aboard the Ohana Kai last year while a Russian whaler was being pursued 1200 miles north of Honolulu, Hawaii.

Crowded classes violate codes

Continued from Page 1

"We've got all the students we can handle. We're at the end of our string," he said.

Konnilyn G. Feig, vice president of administrative affairs, said, "The space problem is ghastly. There is no money for renovation of non-usable space into classroom space."

Statistics from Feig's office show that SF State has less usable acres (92) than any of the other 19 CSUC campuses.

Cal State Poly at Pomona has 447 acres, the largest in the system. SF State has 207 students per acre. Pomona has 27 students per acre.

SF State also has the highest full-time equivalent (FTE) enrollment on the least amount of space in the CSUC system, according to the statistics.

"Space is a problem of the entire university," said Arthur F. Cunningham, dean of the School of Business. He said the enrollment in the School of Business has doubled since Fall, 1969, but that the school hasn't received sufficient classroom space to meet the increases.

"The state will tell you we've got more space than we need, but it's not the right kind of space," Cunningham said.

Several instructors and deans, including Cunningham, noted there is vacant space in the Old Administration and Old Science buildings which may be renovated into additional usable classroom space.

Pringle said, however, that the space will probably be renovated into counseling offices within the next five years.

Richard J. Harrington, deputy state fire marshal, inspected the Physical Science Building in January, and reported to Ferrante that PS 327 and 329 do not comply with safety regulations.

The university set the capacity of those rooms at 75 students because the two share a common second exit through PS 328, a laboratory prep room. Harrington discovered that the doors leading to the prep rooms were locked, a violation of Section 3303 of the Uniform Building Code.

The code states: "Exit doors shall be openable from the outside without the use of a key or any special knowledge or effort."

Roger Bland, who teaches 60 students in an advanced general physics lab in PS 327, said there are no systematic arrangements in the School of Science for handing out keys for the locked doors.

"I know that locked prep doors do not constitute a legal fire exit," Bland said.

Since PS 327 and 329 each have only one operable exit door, state safety regulations limit enrollment to 49 students. Eight science classes, all with over 60 studnets, meet in those rooms. They are: Chemistry 100, (section 2); Chemistry 130, (2); Chemistry 341, (1); Physics 111, (7,8,9); Physics 111, (4,5,6); Physics 121, (1,2,3); Physics 121, (4,5,6); Meteorology 145, (1).

Benjamin Baptiste, SF State environmental health and safety officer, said the two classrooms must have new doors installed, present doors unlocked, or enrollments restricted to 49 students.

"It shouldn't have been allowed to happen in the first place. The fire marshal wasn't happy to see the situation," Baptiste said.

The School of Science Safety Committee has discussed the problem of locked prep doors. It has suspended action on the matter pending an official legal ruling from Harrington.

Stanley Gallagher, School of Science safety officer, said the probability of a serious fire in the physical science building is minimal because of an absence of burnable materials.

After checking campus buildings, *Phoenix* discovered that most fire doors are wedged open, an infraction of health and safety regulations.

"The fire marshal has never cited us for having open fire doors," Baptiste said.

He said Plant Operations was directed to put signs on the doors, stating they must remain closed at all times. Baptiste admitted, however, that the signs have been "worthless."

Edward Kline, administrative assistant for Plant Operations, said custodians and maintenance personnel shut the fire doors, but students and faculty immediately wedge them open again.

"It's a never-ending job," Kline said. "We just don't have the time to patrol for open fire doors."

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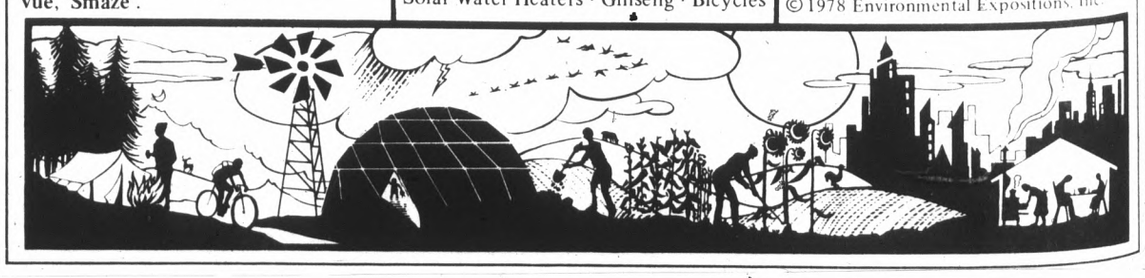

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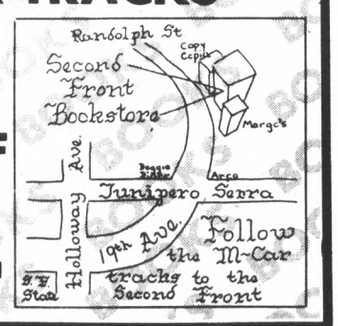
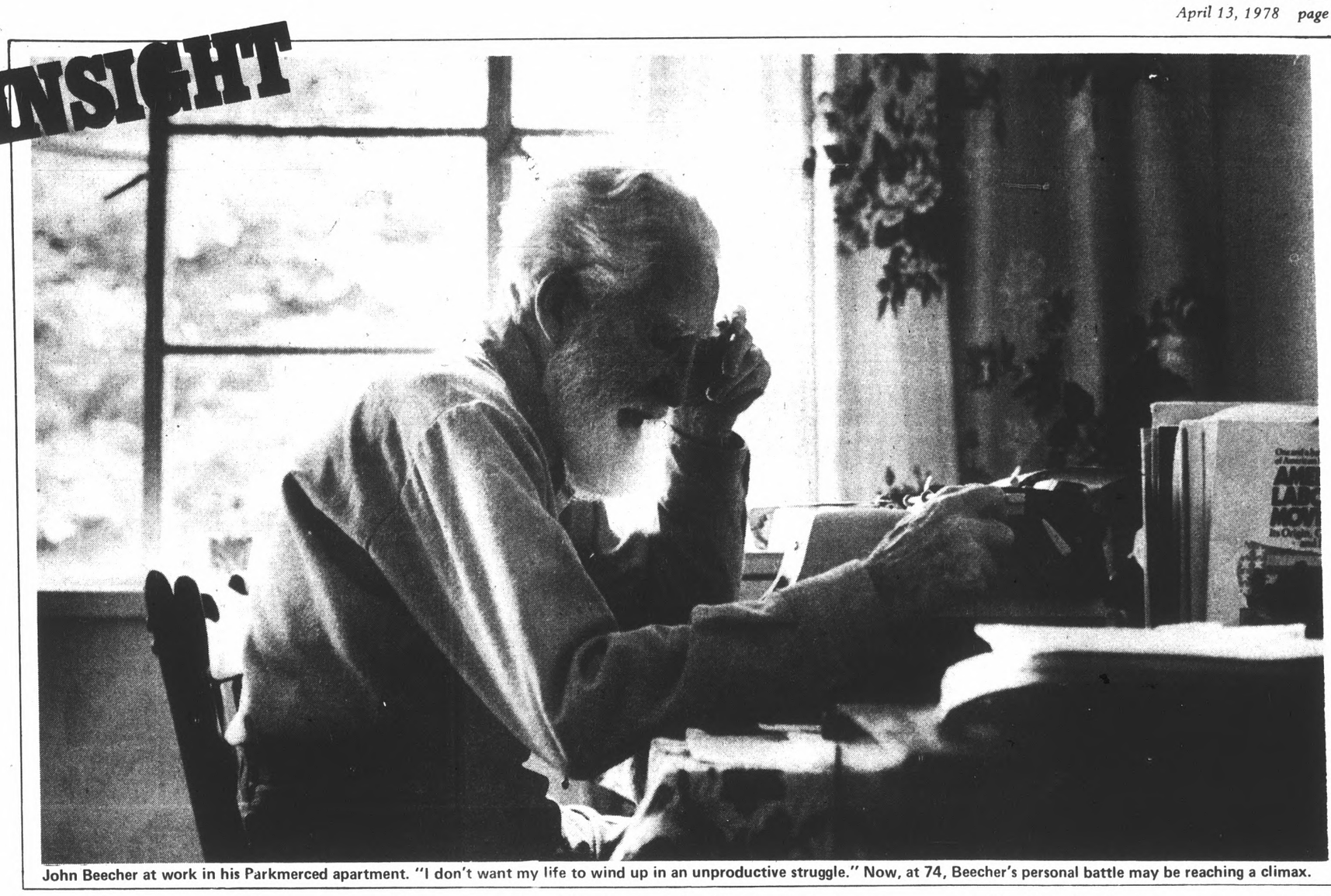


INSIGHT

A long fight for 'fairness'

Text by Ken Garcia Photo by Lynn Carey



John Beecher at work in his Parkmerced apartment. "I don't want my life to wind up in an unproductive struggle." Now, at 74, Beecher's personal battle may be reaching a climax.

For John Beecher, fighting injustice has been a way of life.

Now the 74-year-old poet and SF State instructor may be entering the final stages of a personal struggle that spans a quarter-century.

The political victory that he seeks is in the form of State Assembly Bill 3026. If passed, this bill would award lost pay and pension benefits to 10 past employees of the CSUC system. The employees, including Beecher, were fired between 1950 and 1954 for refusing to sign the Levering loyalty oath. The oath was subsequently declared unconstitutional by the California Supreme Court.

According to Beecher, state employees had to sign the oath as members of California's Civil Defense.

"There was nothing in the Levering Act that required non-signers to be fired. It only deprived them of payment out of state funds," he said.

"I would have continued teaching for free until the problem was solved."

Beecher said the bill would bring moral justification and financial redress for the losses and damages he suffered after he was fired from here 28 years ago.

"I feel I am entitled to restitution for the catastrophic losses I've suffered," he said. "It should be made up to the maximum possible degree."

After being discharged by the state he was blacklisted. He turned to farming and other endeavors for financial support. Most were unsuccessful.

But Beecher, described by poet William Carlos Williams as "a man who speaks for the conscience of the people," kept fighting against the decision he found unjust.

He took his case to the American Civil Liberties Union, the United Professors of California and some private attorneys. The case went nowhere. Then, last year, a first-year assemblyman from Los Angeles, Mel Levine, saw a story about Beecher in the *Los Angeles Times*.

"The story told how he won a judicial battle for reinstatement, but he didn't receive any back pay," Levine said. "It simply seemed to me that it was unjust."

With the help of his administrative assistant, John Rueda, Levine wrote AB 3026, nicknamed the "Beecher bill."

The bill says it is reasonable to believe that one of the best ways to restore the people's trust in government is that, when the government acts wrongfully, government takes action to right those wrongs . . . The provisions of this act serve the public purpose of helping to restore the people's trust in government."

The exact amount of restitution has not been determined. Rueda said it depends on the total amount of replacement income — the difference between the employees' actual income and what they would have made if they had stayed with the state.

The bill tentatively sets aside $1.8 million. It still must wend its way through a series of committees, including Ways and Means.

"I don't want anybody to get overly enthusiastic about its chances," Levine said. "The Ways and Means Committee controls the purse strings of the Assembly and Governor Brown has been very tight about spending money this year. We might have a tough time of it. If it passes Ways and Means I think it will pass."

One thing the "Beecher bill" has in its favor is Beecher himself. He will testify on April 19.

A towering figure with snow white beard and hair, Beecher is a masterful public speaker who perfected his booming voice in countless poetry readings and recitals during the past 50 years.

The nationally-known poet has published eight books of poetry, including a 50-year anthology, *Collected Poems, 1924-74*.

His adventures as a volunteer officer on the S.S. Booker T. Washington in World War II, the first integrated ship with a black captain, are recorded in *All Brave Sailors*.

"I don't want my life to wind up in an unproductive struggle," he said. "Out of a sense of fairness and decency I think they'll pass it."

If the bill passes, Beecher said that he would use the money to help his children and grandchildren "more than I've been able" and to provide his wife Barbara with security. If it doesn't work out "I'll just do what the spirits say do."

Regardless of what happens, Beecher's life has been brightened by one recent development. He has again been reappointed to teach in four departments next year: English, Humanities, Creative Writing and Sociology, this time as a full professor.

"They've finally given me the rank and pay that I feel I've earned and I'm very pleased," he said. "I enjoy being here and I intend to stay and teach here as long as I am able. My heart specialist said that I should aim for 100 but I'm not sure I'd like to teach that long."

Whatever the outcome, Beecher will carry on in the spirit of his own poems:

"Believe," you said.
"Don't let them drive you to despair! Fight on!"

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Thus it becomes more and more apparent, that what we need is alternatives. Alternatives and more alternatives. Alternatives that prepare us to act in our own best interests. Alternatives that challenge a system that conditions and prepares us for continual exploitation and psychological enslavement. **RUMBLE** is one such alternative.

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APRIL H. MCCONNELL

PFM--serving up controversy

Continued from Page 1

PFM served. "Things got so bad that kids started to eat at other places, so a petition was circulated that asked PFM to leave and 180 people signed it out of 240 residents," she said.

Della Rush, manager of The Fontainebleu, said, "It was either lose a lot of kids or get rid of PFM – so we got rid of PFM." Rush said there were "too many complaints about the poor quality of food. All they served was a bunch of breaded stuff. The students would talk to the PFM managers and they promised quality, but they only improved for a day or two. When SAGA (another food service operation) started here they threw away the meat because they said it was of poor quality.

"PFM had said that they would serve steak once a week, but it was only served on Friday nights when they knew most of the students would be out," Rush said.

The steaks PFM served "wouldn't make good shoe soles," Rush said.

PFM left The Fontainebleu after only two months of operation.

At Pepperdine University in Malibu PFM lost its contract to run the cafeteria after five years of service.

Dave Jaynes was vice chairman of Pepperdine's food committee. "There were a number of complaints about unsanitary conditions. During our investigation a number of contract violations were found," he said.

Nancy Warnen, executive assistant to the vice president of Administrative Affairs at Pepperdine, said the university's administration thought PFM "had done a fine job during the time they were here."

But, according to Warnen, the student food advisory committee was not satisfied.

"There wasn't the communication with the students there should have been. PFM changed managers, but the committee felt it was time for a change," Warnen said.

PFM's problems at Pepperdine drew attention at other campuses.

Cal State Fullerton's newspaper, the *Daily Titan*, quoted Brian Zak, Pepperdine's Associated Students vice president, as saying that "the lack of quality food and the unclean conditions of the kitchens" were two reasons Pepperdine dropped PFM.

The *Daily Titan* also quoted Marcella Morgan, chairwoman of Pepperdine's Food Advisory Board, as saying, "We felt PFM was guilty of poor management. When their contract ran out, we decided not to consider renewal. We definitely did not want them back."

At Fullerton, the paper reported, PFM's menu signs listed different prices for the same items. Orange juice sold for either 25 or 45 cents, hamburgers for 60 or 65 cents, hot cocoa was either 25 or 30 cents, and carbonated drinks were either 55 or 60 cents for the same sized portion.

Student Pam Lincoln told the *Daily Titan*: "I ordered a small orange juice, expecting to pay 25 cents, as it said on the sign. When the glass came the girl said I owed her 45 cents. The glass the girl gave me was very small, and when I protested that the sign said 25 cents, the girl told me, 'This is real orange juice.' "

At Indian Valley Colleges in Novato students are reportedly becoming increasingly dissatisfied with PFM, which took over food service operations there last summer.

Mary Blackstock, an administrator at Indian Valley, was on the committee that chose PFM. Blackstock said she is now "generally dissatisfied with PFM" and does not think PFM is doing "what was promised to us in their original proposal last summer."

Blackstock said many items on the menu in PFM's proposal have never been prepared. "The proposal said things like coffee cakes would be served, but all we get are donuts," Blackstock said.

On Jan. 24, 1978, the Marin County Health Department inspected PFM's operation at Indian Valley Colleges and recommended that PFM put salads behind "a sneeze guard to prevent overhead contamination."

As of last week the sneeze guard, an awning-type fixture that shelters the food, was not installed. A health inspector said in the report that the "general sanitation and cleaning were in very satisfactory condition at the time of inspection."

At Cal State Sonoma in Rohnert Park, PFM lost money and asked to be relieved of its contract, according to Dick Childs, director of business and finance there.

Rick Lutman was a faculty member on Cal State Sonoma's food advisory committee that recommended PFM not be given the contract in the first place.

Lutman said Sonoma's Commons food service was previously run by a former student who "made a profit and provided students with what they wanted."

Lutman said students at that campus preferred the "non-traditional" food offered by the former student.

He said that PFM eventually left "because they tried to sell McDonald's-like things to a vegetarian campus and the students didn't want to eat it. The fact that they left worked out like we (the food committee) thought."

At Lamar University in Beaumont, Texas, PFM canceled its contract after only one semester.

PFM decided to leave because, according to Lamar's newspaper, *University Press*, it had determined that it would "be to their (PFM's) best interests to put their support into other accounts."

While PFM was at Lamar the football coaches said their players were not getting enough protein from PFM's normal menu and asked that a special training table be set up, according to *University Press*.

An article said the campus manager of PFM would "serve baked chicken instead of fried chicken" to the football team. Student Tim Krause said "students were not getting food that was as good" as the food being served to the football players.

"A lot of the students resented the fact and felt PFM should improve their menu for everyone," he said.

University Press also reported that Beaumont health inspectors visited the cafeteria that PFM operated and notified George McLaughlin, Lamar's vice president of Student Affairs, of "some discrepancies."

McLaughlin was quoted as saying: "What I saw over there I did not like."

The article also said that McLaughlin felt the cleanliness of the cafeteria was greatly improved the next day. McLaughlin also said, "I'm going to insist that they do their duty. If they don't, we're going to get somebody who can."

Six of PFM's accounts in California are satisfactory, according to faculty and students on those campuses.

"The local manager can make or break any food service, not just PFM," a Cal State Bakersfield student said. "The one we have here is just fine."

At the College of the Desert in Palm Desert a survey was taken last Friday of students and administrators eating in the cafeteria. All of the people interviewed were satisfied with the quality of the food and the general cleanliness of the operations.

California Institute of the Arts, Cal State San Bernardino, College of the Canyons and Thomas Aquinas College all report that students and faculty are happy with PFM and hope to continue with the company.

"PFM or any contract feeder is only as good as the managers who operate it," said former PFM manager Mike Simpson. "The focal point of the dorms is the dining center. Many times there is no other place for students to meet. When the food gets bad, things can deteriorate for a company in a hurry."

At SF State, Dining Center manager Bob Lisberger will be leaving his post on Saturday to run a restaurant in New York. He will be temporarily replaced by PFM regional director Bob Severson until a permanent manager can be found.

Cooking up new chefs

Continued from Page 1

deadlines involved in cooking for the masses.

"I tell them to think about it," he says. "I ask them what their long term goals are, what they want of the industry and what do they believe the industry will require of them.

"I hope that anyone not truly serious about it will see the light during the interview and not wait until they've already begun training."

The high tuition helps to discourage those not aware that the art of fine cooking is a serious matter.

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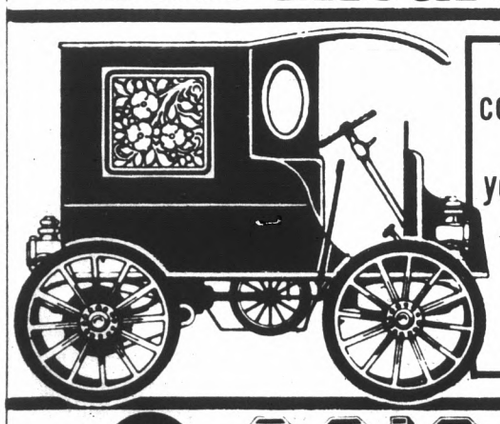
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A·S· ELECTION

Currently there are three vacant positions on the Associated Students Legislature, and a Special Election is called to fill these vacancies.

The following vacancies need to be filled:

★ Business Representative
★ Creative Arts Representative
★ Representative at Large

The elections' calendar is as follows:

Filling Period Today Only–
April 13, 1978, until 5:00 pm
Qualification Period for Candidates
Ends April 19, 1978
Campaign –
Opens April 24, 1978,8:00 am
Elections–
Opens May 1, 1978, 10:00 am –9:00 pm
Ends May 3, 1978, 9:00 pm

All information and questions concerning qualification or candidancy can be picked up at the Main Office of Associated Students, located on the Mezzanine level of the Student Union.

New Ad Building's woes

by Frank Edson

A "big nightmare" was how J. Dean Parnell described SF State's New Administration Building before workers moved into their offices in January, 1977.

Parnell, campus building coordinator, was upset at contractors for failing to balance the building's heating and ventilation system. He cited inflexibility of office space as a major problem. Wiring and floor obstacles, he said, cluttered the five-story, $6 million building.

Today, 15 months and more than $20,000 later, improvements are noticeable but administrators still have complaints.

The office of Allen R. Willard, assistant to Provost Donald L. Garrity, is on the fourth floor next to the heating and mechanical system.

"The heating and ventilation system here has never been balanced properly," Willard said. "It's either too hot or too cold. I have to live with the damn thing. It bothers people in the office, many of whom have complained to me.

"But it's a brand new building and these types of problems shouldn't exist," Willard said.

Jacklyn Santana, former faculty records clerk, also cited problems with the heating system.

"It was really strange. Anytime the temperature was 65 degrees the cold air blowers would come on. Even the the temperature was low, cold air was blown in," Santana said.

Willard said he has not been told when the heating and ventilation problems will be solved.

The system was corrected last summer by the original contractors, according to Parnell.

"When the contractors failed to do this at the outset we were very unhappy," Parnell said. "We abandoned the plan for the original contractors to finish the work and hired alternate labor forces whom we could supervise more closely. But the original contractors returned last summer to complete the balancing of the system.

"It may not be perfect, but I don't think it's a critical problem," he added.

In addition to the more than $20,000 spent on improvements last year, an additional $15,000 has been proposed for this year, Parnell said. The money is subject to SF State President Paul F. Romberg's approval.

Much of the $15,000, according to Parnell, would be used to rearrange office space to improve efficiency.

"When we moved into our offices they were totally inadequate to our functions because of the layout," said Don Scoble, director of public affairs.

Scoble said one problem is that related public affairs offices are in different areas of the fourth floor.

"The Alumni Association is separate. Our storage area -- in which we keep production equipment, graphics and other materials -- is down the hall," Scoble said.

"When we need something, someone, usually the secretary, has to walk down the hall, unlock the door, and find what we need. At those times we have one less secretary. It's a nuisance," Scoble said.

"A hell of a lot of space is not being used," Willard said. "I wouldn't call it wasted space, but a lot of space could still be better utilized," Parnell said.

Garrity said he felt the layout of office space isn't as efficient as it could be.

"We've had to make piecemeal modifications in the last few weeks by dividing the open space in Academic Affairs into two new rooms. The building should have been planned more properly," Garrity said.

Designed in 1968 by Welton Beckett and Associates, the New Administration Building conformed to specifications set by the Chancellor's Office.

"Programs, need and functions change. Ten years ago, energy conservation was not a consideration, but today it is. Consequently, the lighting system has had problems and it has to be adjusted.

"We are going to have to deal with the technical and financial problems to correct the mistakes made ten years ago," Scoble said.

Cryonics: a chance at an earthly afterlife

Continued from Page 1

have run into is ice-crystal formations in the cells. The materials in the cell freeze and expand beyond the capacity of the cell causing their destruction. Also, necessary salts tend to precipitate out of the cells at very low temperatures.

The actual process of freezing a person goes like this: When the person is dead the body is immediately cooled with dry ice until it is at the temperature of dry ice. The body is completely washed out. The fluids are replaced with an artificial blood substance. Cryoprotective agents which reduce the freezing damage that would occur are then added to the fluid being replaced.

The body is enclosed in a plastic liner and placed in a cooling chest. Dry ice in a bath of isopropyl alcohol is then added to the chest which freezes the patient to -110 degrees F. The body is then removed from the chest, placed in a new plastic covering and wrapped in alternate layers of aluminum foil and fiberglass cloth for insulation. It is secured to an aluminum stretcher and placed in a cryogenic storage capsule. Liquid nitrogen is then added to the capsule reducing the patient's temperature to -320 degrees F where no appreciable deterioration will occur for literally millions of years.

But what will happen when that patient is reanimated is anyone's guess. The future is uncertain and there can't be any guarantees.

"I could imagine that if cryonics plays an important part in our future, homicide might be the refusal to revive someone who has made such plans, and suicide might be if they allowed themselves to die a natural death," said Sirag.

"Of course, if a company that froze people reneged on its promise, they would lose a lot of customers," he said.

Trans-Time is a company that is freezing bodies right now. Located in Berkeley, they work with BACS. They are a regular business but for obvious reasons have been losing money since they started.

But the whole idea behind the freezing-thawing-rejuvenation process as a routine would still be little more than a holding action for the would-be immortalist -- a means of preserving life until we have learned to eliminate causes of death.

"Right now it's definitely a gamble but it's not a large amount of money, considering the stakes involved," said Sirag.

And even if Walt Disney never comes back to turn the cosmos into a Disneyworld, people will still be able to say that he was reanimated.

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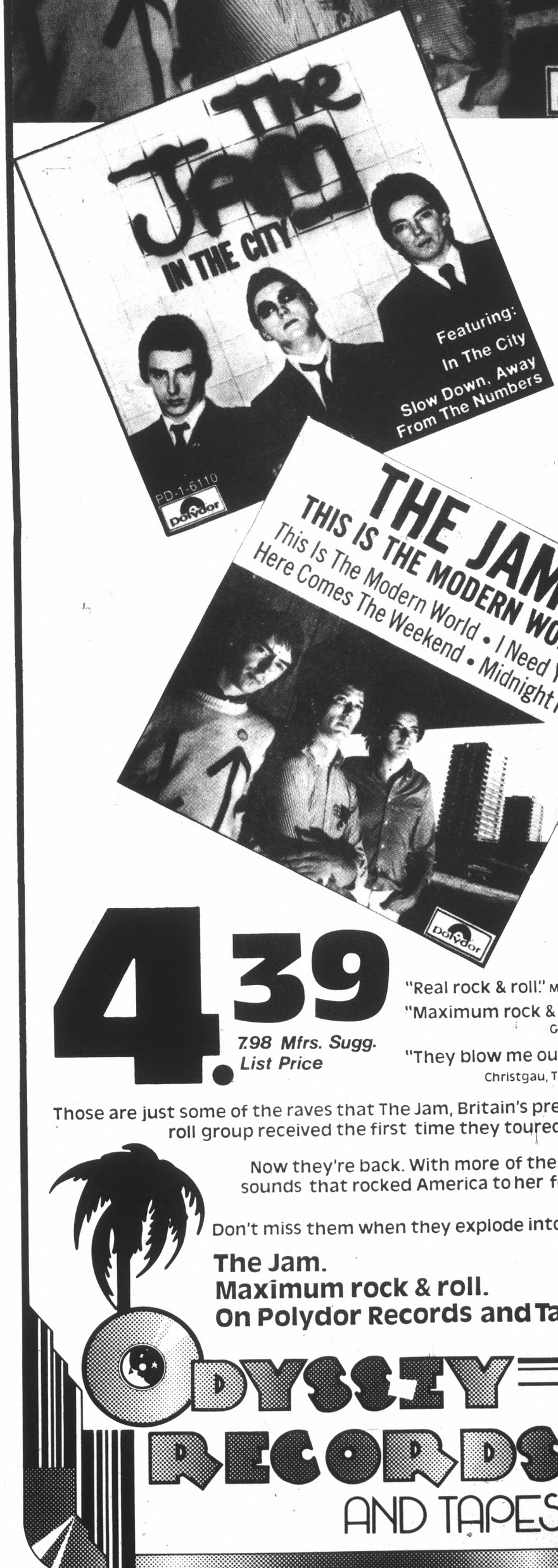

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OPINIONS

AS officials: the gang that couldn't think straight

It is important for everyone to realize that the Associated Students' governing officials are not Nazis. Last week an editorial cartoon in this paper commented on student apathy and the bad aspects of coalition governments on campus. Gleeful, beer-drinking Nazis were shown taking over the AS offices in an exaggerated, satirical, hyperbolic way to suggest what direction the campus may be heading in if changes aren't made.

We do not admire Nazis. It is our opinion that they are a group of racist political zealots advocating the purity and supremacy of the white race. No words could ever well describe the atrocities of Hitler's Nazis: the mass extermination of Jews and non-Jews, the ruthless disregard of human rights and the approval of illegal and immoral acts to achieve the goal of world domination.

We can understand why AS President Wayne Lukaris would not want to be labeled a Nazi. We would never do that.

Until this week, we were quite content to stick with our characterization of the AS officials as a collection of clowns and chowderheads, but apparently they are not clowns or chowderheads either.

This week, *Zenger's*, the AS newspaper, ran on Page Three a large picture of our greatest minds in the AS. Our officials are shown decked out in 1920s gangland clothing. Pat Clements holds a Thompson submachine gun and, although it is obscured by shadown, AS President Lukaris seems to be nursing a shotgun.

Our AS leaders, or the Hole in the Wall Gang, as the caption names them, romantically see themselves as gangsters. From 1920 to 1932, there were 629 unsolved gang murders and 5,000 non-gang murders in Chicago alone. Gangsters had a ruthless disregard for human rights and employed illegal and immoral acts to achieve the goal of city and state domination. Gangsters terrorized small towns in the Midwest and were no more lovable than Goerring, Goebbels, or Hess.

If the AS leaders want to be gangsters and not clowns, chowderheads or Nazis, we're agreeable. Regardless of what they want to be called, a label doesn't make them look any less foolish than they really are.

"I don't think much of their politics, but I've got to admit that they're as anti-fascist as hell."

Minorities and the media

by Marguerite Versher

Are minorities adequately represented in the press? Research in journalism and broadcast journals surveying the ratio of minorites in the media show that newspaper articles, community access and coverage, and especially hiring practices, fall short of adequate representation.

As seen through recent history, the most effective way for an activist group to gain media coverage is to commit violent acts – the racial balance of the group is rarely omitted.

The 60s were a classic example of how the media treated violence and protests. By systematically omitting the cause of demonstrations, the outbreak of violence seemed unprovoked.

Misrepresentation of minorities is a prominent flaw in the media also. Owners of media outlets don't seem to realize the potential of improving services to consumers by becoming responsive to needs. With a biased view of occurrances, or the manipulation of key words, consumers get a distorted idea of society's state of affairs.

This is harmful to race relations, a demonstration of the power of the press and the potential power that it can exercise at will.

White South Africans are well aware of the power and potential of the press. *The World*, a newspaper with tremendous circulation among black South Africans, served as an immediate source of information as to probable causes and occurrances not drenched with government rhetoric. The paper's white editors and some of its black reporters also supplied information to the foreign press. The South African government assessed the potential danger to their apartheid government and shut down *The World*.

For instance, during civil rights protests media coverage was poor unless violence broke out. It was not until the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. became internationally known as a messenger of peace that the press altered its coverage to reflect the human struggle.

Ten years after Dr. King's murder, all over the nation black leaders were asked, "How far have blacks come since King's death?"

While achievements are still signified by race and small number, the response should be, "Not far." Pointing out what number the person is or how many of his race preceeded him on his job only proves how faulty the hiring practices have been and still are.

Three blacks were the first non-whites to be accepted into the U.S. space program. The fact that these people were minorities made the subject newsworthy.

America's methods may not be comparable to South African government tactics, but there is a parallel. No white-owned newspaper in that country will hire a black reporter; they are not required by their government to do so as in the United States. Consequently, white reporters become the only source of information to black and white South Africans and to the foreign media as to the state of their society.

If the United States does not balance its ratio of viewpoints in the media, then the population, local and foreign, will also receive distorted information as to the state of its society.

The media is not obligated to hire more minorities or to become accessible to community organizations. It is not necessarily reflecting the conditions of the society which it serves, but reflecting the attitudes of the owners and executives who run the business.

AS news and views

by Eric Newton

A medical technician brought this message to us from Letterman Hospital, where Eric Newton is undergoing some tests but refuses to abandon his typewriter.

LETTERMAN HOSPITAL, PRESIDIO––I'm too far gone to return to the real world. It took me two days to figure out that I'm not in the HLL building. Nurse!

A little to the left, please. Could I have another iced tea? And change the channel. Thanks.

A few non-regulation notes from between Army sheets:

* First and last comments on the AS president's refusal to talk to *Phoenix* after last week's anti-AS editorial:

From this reporter's view, there's only one thing worse than a wise man's silence – and that's a truckload of off-the-cuff blabberings from an ordinary mind.

If Lukaris wants to stop blabbering, fine with me.

* Another feather in his cap but up our noses:

SF State President Paul F. Romberg was recently named to the committee which will pick the new San Jose State President.

He should leave Egypt and SJ State alone and concentrate on the campus that pays his salary.

* Lukaris vetoed three bills last week: $530 to the International Students Center, $200 to the Poetry Center, and $1,915 to the Black Students in Science.

These bills, all from student organizations which want money for the first time in a year, were vetoed for reasons which escape this columnist.

Most likely, they don't add to the smelly, rhinocerous-shaped thing called student government bureaucracy. Fact: the AS spends more on operating costs than anything else. Fact: the amount that goes to clubs and groups is small.

Too small to make them *beg* for it.

* A bill that passed: *Zenger's* funding, a big pizza pie. But what a sad thing it must be to work as public relations chief for a $500,000 student government and only get $3 an hour.

Come on, Betsy Lewis, *Zenger's* chief. Let's see a story that the AS won't like. You can do it...

And while we're on the subject: A new name for the AS president has been floating on the breezes wafting across our 90 acre campus: Wayne Ludicrous. And is this a name dreamed up by a *Phoenix* wag or the creation of our sour grapes editorial board? Nope. It seems to have originated in the office of *Zenger's*, AS corporate mouthpiece.

* Congratulations to everyone involved in International Week, which helped bring life to an anemic campus. Dancers, music and programs were all professionally done. Crowds were good.

* The special election, for three leg. vacancies, is May 1-3.

Steve Rafter, speaker of the legislature, predicts a five to 10 percent turnout. (That translates to 1,000–2,000 students voting.) He's wrong.

A report which Rafter obviously hasn't read is the statewide AS audit. I'd lend him my copy, only he won't speak to me.

The report shows a maximum turnout at SF State of 11.8 percent in a *big* election – when everyone runs. And to get that turnout, the AS spent $3,376, or more than $1 a vote.

(San Jose State attracted more voters than we did and only spent $707.)

At any rate, I predict 500 will vote if the weather is bad and 750 if the sun comes out.

* And now for real gossip: Vice-president Robin Lynn Cox just turned 21 ... Barry Bloom, chief justice, was seen at a *Zenger's* party ... Toni Stadlman, AS office lackey, may be axed if he doesn't straighten out ... Janitors in the Student Union still aren't happy ... Stephen Dobbs, adviser to Romberg, is much nicer to this AS than he was to the last bunch.

* Back to the real world: An AS concert is being mentioned, with biggies like Joan Baez and Steve Martin and others which escape me and will escape the AS as well.

Here's a better crowd getter: Outfit Lukaris with flappy shoes, a red nose and big-buttoned shirt. He can speak on the evils of smoking pot or belonging to an ethnic organization.

* Something to note: There are some intelligent and serious student government members. But to mention their names may cause them scorn from their peers.

Nurse! Where's my *Examiner?* I'd like a glass of water. Would you straighten my Konnilyn G. Feig Dartboard? Thanks.

It's a tough thing, life.

Putting the journal back in journalism

by Jim Gibbons

These days, those in the know are waxing boffo over journals, which are diaries, minus the old-fashioned sentimental connotations. Journals are put to so many uses – fictional structures, journalistic structures, creative catalysts, feminist consciousness-raising tools, and so on. Dr. James Logan, member of the highly touted Panel of Experts, says: "Journals are way up there, indeed." This proliferation has gradually seeped into my turbid consciousness, the result being that I began keeping a journal of my own.

April 3 – thinking about bears...What's their relation to the DNA code? The DNA code, for those who missed the PBS series "The Universe – It's Too Big," is the programmer of species characteristics. A giraffes' DNA code, for instance, programs the giraffe to have a long neck, the better to get at those high leaves. But look at bears. Bears weigh about 900 pounds, can climb trees amazingly fast, and can run quicker than a human. And yet, how do bears get their food? They lounge by streams and swipe at fish passing lazily by.

April 4 – thought about dogs...the hatefulness of big dogs. I have a fantasy which keeps coming around: I am throwing wadded-up paper balls at the back of a German Shepherd's head, at the same time taunting, "Hey! Big dog! Big dog! Hey, you big dog!" I continue the pepperings, and the dog, too dumb to realize his assailant is behind him, figures that the pepperings must be in his head.

April 5 – There is something about the bigness of a dog's head which determines to a large extent the amount of respect the dog is accorded. For a brief time, a St. Bernard stayed in my flat. After the oohs and ahhs brought on by the dog's novelty died down, everyone began needling the dog. This needling occurred, I'm convinced, because the dog's head was bigger than a human's head. A human, upon spotting something with a bigger head – particularly something which one frequently looks into the eyes of – expects that object to say intelligent things. A St. Bernard, of course, has nothing to say. And yet his head is bigger than ours! That is why people needle big dogs.

April 6 – This afternoon I dozed, during which I was visited by my recurring dream. In the dream, an average green snake is brought to my house by Sister Annunciata, my third grade teacher. She leaves the snake with me. After a quarter of an hour, the green snake uncurls, stands up on its tail, and begins chasing me up and down the stairs. "Ship up or shape out!" I say, and "You're not supposed to be in here without a hat!" But words are useless. The snake chases me into a billiard room, where I am forced to jump out a window.

April 7 – Heard the Casino's "Then You Can Tell Me Goodbye," a hit in 1967. Something in the song caused me to think about falling down. The kind of falling down in which one just topples over, very unexpectedly, a heavy kind of falling down – perhaps a falling down with the hands in the pockets, unable to break the fall. The kind of fall that occurs when you're very drunk. This kind of fall is a perfect metaphor for life's vicissitudes: an unexpected, total rushing away of dignity, a complete change of the perspective from which we view reality.

April 8 – I don't care what those in the know wax boffo over. Journals take too much time. And so, I will keep my mental meanderings to myself, and leave the highly acclaimed writing form to the intelligentsia.

Flaming canines to armbands

Apathy up-to-date

by Gene Zbikowski

The following is a true story.

It happened about six years ago, on a small New England campus. A chapter of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) had tried, without success, to build an anti-Vietnam War protest movement on the campus. The SDSers called rally after rally, but never attracted more than the same 50 faces.

Toward the end of the semester they held an emergency meeting, and resolved on a desperate course of action. The next morning, they hit the campus with leaflets headlined DOG IMMOLATION! The leaflet went on to say that, to bring the issue of the war home, the radicals would burn a dog to death with napalm.

The appointed day came around, and the entire campus turned out to see the dog-burning. An anticipatory hush fell over the crowd as the first speaker mounted the stand.

"You motherfuckers!" she screamed, "You never came out when we told you about Vietnamese villagers being burned to death. But when we say we're going to burn this poor animal" – she held up the sacrificial victim – "you're all here to see it.

"Well, there's not going to be an immolation. But we're going to try to rap about the real horror that's . . . "

Disappointed, the crowd broke up, and soon there were no more than 50 persons listening to the SDSers.

Student apathy is, – Aha! Caught you. You were just going to permit yourself a self-satisfied chuckle. "I would never be so callous in the face of injustice," you were thinking.

Well, here's your chance to prove it. Next Wednesday, the 19th, is armband day. Some people are going to distribute armbands denouncing the Bakke decision.

If the U.S. Supreme Court upholds the decision, it will endanger affirmative action programs across the country. And not just on the campuses, mind you, but in every trade and occupation. It's a clear-cut case of injustice.

So wear an armband on Wednesday – and feel free to sneer at those who don't.

LETTERS

No Nazis here

RE: Nazi cartoon and accompanying editorial about the AS (April 6 issue).

Shameful, irresponsible and unjustified are the several words that come to mind in regard to characterizing a score of decent members of student government as a young Nazi clique. If I sound dramatic, it's because it is so unfair and unsubstantiated.

Journalists pride themselves on subscribing to canons of journalism and professional ethics. *Phoenix's* staff have abused their right to "free speech" by being so irresponsible and reprehensible. It's this kind of journalism that damages people's reputations and holds them out to ridicule without cause.

The *Phoenix* lab members owe the students in student government 1) an apology that is sincere and communicated in print, and 2) a pledge to review the canons of journalism and ethics before going to press.

There is no evidence that the many dedicated, fine students in student government are Nazis or anything else bad.

Deacon A. Butterworth
Student Union Association

Cartoonist's note:

Judging from Deacon Butterworth's letter and Associated Students President Wayne Lukaris' bombastic editorial in Wednesday's issue of Zenger's, **I feel that these gentlemen did not closely scrutinize my cartoon in the April 6 issue of** Phoenix.

The cartoon in question depicted a group of Nazis taking over the AS office.

As the son of a Jewish mother I share Mr. Lukaris' hatred of Nazis as expressed in his editorial. I wish to assure him that a swastika is not a symbol I use lightly. As the Nazi policy of Lebensborn **(which Lukaris refers to as "racial purity") applies to all people of Jewish ancestry, I would stand to lose my family, my friends and my own life should Nazism ever rear its ugly head again. Having visited the demonic concentration camp at Dachau, I know too well what lies behind the Nazi symbols of tyranny.**

The cartoon was purely speculative in nature. I was trying to point out the extremes to which student government might lean should students elect slates of cohesive, well-organized parties without regard to political viewpoint or party platform. The concept came from a state report described last week in Phoenix.

Symbols, however strong, are a necessary tool of the editorial cartoonist, and student apathy is an issue which justifies the use of strong symbols.

There is no indication in the cartoon or its caption that the present members of the AS are represented therein, nor are there any indications of the racism to which Mr. Lukaris refers. I do not consider anyone in the AS to be a Nazi.

I am sure that a careful reading of the accompanying editorial will reveal the cartoon's intent, as it is Phoenix **policy that cartoon and editorial go hand-in-hand.**

Mr. Lukaris' heavy-handed treatment of this cartoon smacks of censorship. I feel it is unbecoming for an AS president to attempt to boycott Phoenix.

Jonathan Combs

Music is art too

Week after week, I read the same old thing in the Arts section of *Phoenix*: articles about filmmakers, actors and actresses, sculptors, and the like. How about a little more coverage of events in the Music Department? Occasionally there are reviews of large musical productions, but what about the two or three concerts weekly in Knuth Hall (Wednesdays and Fridays from 1-2 p.m.)? If that's of too little interest, why doesn't *Phoenix* catch any of the "Student Composers' Concerts"? The next one will be May 1 (Monday) at 1 p.m. It's too bad that students who are composers don't get as much coverage as their counterparts in the other arts.

Oliver Bispoe

Gee, thanks

Every Thursday I'm at SF State to teach a class and I look first for your paper. I really do. Because I enjoy it. It is very good. I say that from the vantage point of 26 years in the business. I just wanted to have you know that there is one oldster out *there who* appreciates your very substantial contribution.

Norman Melnick

The letters to the editors section is one of the first and most read sections of any newspaper. Phoenix *welcomes all letters and will publish as many as possible. Letters must be signed but names will be held on request.*

Longer opinion pieces are also solicited but they must be signed. No guarantee of publishing can be made – first priority for space is given the Phoenix *workshop class.*

Please submit all contributions to HLL 207. Deadline is Tuesday noon.

PHOENIX

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Research for some of the articles appearing in *Phoenix* was made possible by a grant from the Reader's Digest Foundation.

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SIXTEEN HORSES AT YOUR FINGER TIPS atop a Lambretta motor-scooter (used). Storage problems necessitate disposal by original owner. Call 362-9122.

Study group being formed around the Urantia Book. Meets SUNDAYS. Interested, call Michael, 469-1515/826-9328.

One bedroom apt., very small. Ocean view and backyard. No pets. 355-3999. $125 plus security deposit. References needed. Lindamar.

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Ads by Julie L. Johnson

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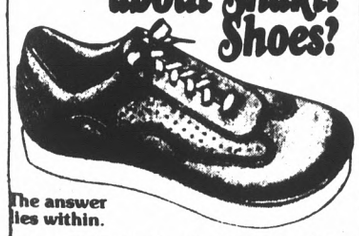

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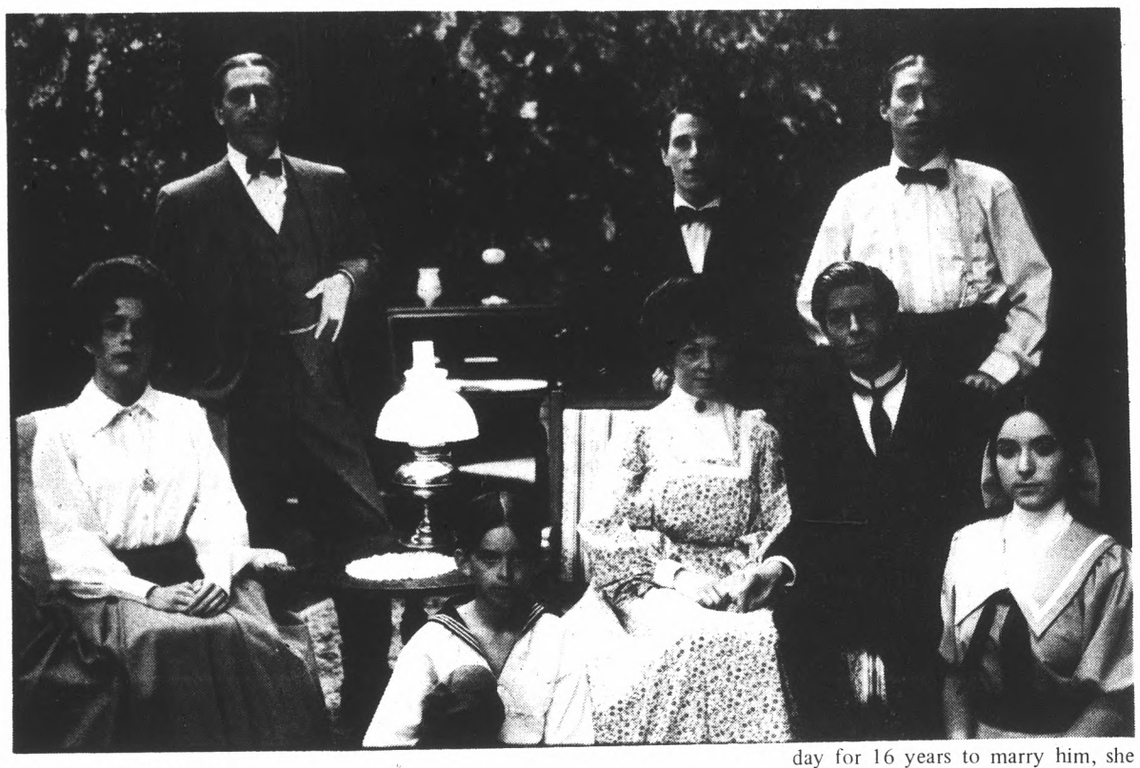
ARTS

Ah, wonderful Eugene O'Neill



Constance Cramer, Ron Schuver, Vincent Rubino, Gail West, Nick Di Scala, David Lodge, David Resseguie, Gina Centanni in "Ah, Wilderness." Performances tonight through Saturday in Arena Theatre, CA104, at 8 p.m. Photo by Joan Kadin.

by Michael Molenda

1906. Perhaps the only crisis back then was coping with being young and in love.

"She's so damn afraid of life," young Richard says of his girlfriend. "She's afraid of her old man, afraid to let me kiss her."

Thus are the pains of an earlier, simpler era, as articulated by playwright Eugene O'Neill in his full-length comedy *Ah, Wilderness*. The play, under the direction of George Grant, is the newest production of SF State's Theatre Arts Department.

Ah, Wilderness deals with a time when the family was the focal point of daily existence. The set, designed by Marcia Levy Stelzer, is a living room: three chairs, a writing desk, a few small tables, and a sofa. Nothing fancy, but it's an accurate and comfortable image of our second womb after birth. It is in this living room that Nat Miller and his family work out the unglamorous, but unavoidable problems of life.

"Have you been trying to have s-s-s-something to do with Muriel?" Nat, played by David W. Lodge, asks of his love-struck son Richard.

"Are you kidding?" cries Richard, shocked and wounded. It was a time when one did not have sex with his "intended" until the night of the marriage vows.

It is Richard's dealing with love that is a central theme of *Ah, Wilderness*. He is a romantic and an anarchist and too young to be taken seriously by his family. His voracious reading of sensual poetry, subversive literature and works of "that horrible, horrible Oscar Wilde," causes his mother (portrayed with marvelous Victorian restraint by Gail West) to worry about him.

Nick Di Scala boils with pent-up emotion in his portrayal of Richard. He is sure and unsure, bitchy and sheepish, proud and insecure, a young man of contradictions, a young man in love.

But Richard is not the only one in love. Sid, Richard's uncle, is tortured by unrequited love for Nat's sister, Lilly. Although Sid has asked Lilly every day for 16 years to marry him, she declines each appeal. Sid enjoys wine, women, and occassional song a little too much for the taste of the proper and prudish Lilly (played very properly by Constance Cramer).

"Sid was born to be what he is," laments Lilly. "Irresponsible."

No matter what Lilly thinks of him, Sid is one of the more humorous characters in *Ah, Wilderness*. Ronald Schuver's portrayal is a wonderful blend of jovial horse-sense, pained experience, and downright drunkenness.

When Richard stumbles home after a drinking binge and starts to feel sick, it is Sid who leaps into action.

"I'll take care of this," he says. "I know this game backwards."

Although *Ah, Wilderness* is almost three hours long (there are two 15 minute intermissions between acts), it does not lag. At times, the action seems a little slow to develop, but after all, it is July 4, 1906, and things were a little slower back then. Life was savored like an all-day sucker.

The sense of timing between the players is remarkable. Lines are delivered crisply and movements are well choreographed.

In one scene, Nat is talking on and on about old times while serving the dinner course. Sid, trying to grasp his plate, misses several times as Nat pulls it away, oblivious to everything but his reverie. Reach, miss, reach, miss, reach. It was like watching a renegade piece of modern machinery.

The set lighting, devised by Jeffry Young, provided an other-worldly glow to the action at times. The scenes with Richard pouring out his heart in the moonlight were brilliantly illuminated. Richard shimmered like an angel.

Ah, Wilderness is a believable and very human look into another era. And yet, though the clothes and customs change, the actions of a loving family stand true for all ages. Mothers still worry about their sons staying out late. And love is not exclusively for the youthful Richards of the world.

"You know," says Nat to his wife near the play's end, "spring isn't everything. There's a lot to be said about autumn."

Ah, Wilderness will continue at the Arena, CA 104, through Saturday, April 15. Performances begin at 8 p.m. and admission is $3.00 general, $1.50 students.

Kudos

Congratulations to Mary Russell, SF State student who won the Library Academy Awards Campus Contest last week by selecting eight winners in 11 categories. Russell won a pair of tickets to the following downtown theatres: the Surf, Clay, Lumiere, and Castro.

INTERMISSION

Gourmet Brown Bag

by Robert Rubino

Would we truly be happier if our dreams came true?

In *The Monkey's Paw*, Brown Bag Theatre's current offering, the Aladdin's Lamp theme reveals its macabre side in a first rate production of W. W. Jacobs' play.

The set, designed by Jim Caudle, is effectively spooky: a dimly lit living room in an isolated country house, the glow from the fireplace pulsing like a failing heart, and lightning flashing irregularly in the pitch black beyond the room's only window.

The house is inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. White, a likable middle-aged couple, and their son Herbert, a young factory worker. The plot unfolds with the appearance of Morris, a family friend who claims he possesses a monkey's paw that has the power to grant three wishes.

"But you'll later regret you ever made a wish with it," Morris cryptically warns.

Herbert laughs it off as silly superstition, his mother is fearful and cautious, but the father can't wait to grab the monkey's paw and wish for a tidy sum of cash.

Joey Hoeber, as the quaintly gregarious Morris, displays a lively employment of Anglo Saxon accent.

With another excellent characterization, Hoeber has shown consistent development as an actor this semester.

Kathy Shien, as Mrs. White, again demonstrates a high regard for her craft with a pivotal dramatic transition. She goes from matronly to mad.

"One more!" she bellows, her previously comforting voice suddenly hoarse and desperate. "One more wish!" she demands in a frantic attempt to reverse the tragedy caused by the granting of the first request.

George Nelson as Mr. White, Don E. Moore as Herbert and Sinon Levy as the bearer of bad tidings round out the fine cast. J. C. DeWitt directed.

* * *

An unsolicited comment was offered concerning the contents of these very arts pages you now gaze upon.

"Aren't you sick of these campus theatre stories? Every week, it's the same stuff."

Well, the point is that it's not the same stuff. Brown Bag has featured comedies, classics, tragedies, and next week will offer a play using traditional forms of Chinese theatre. The same stuff?

The accuser was asked to propose a better story idea.

"They're tearing down the old T&D Theatre in Oakland and they're going to auction off a lot of neat stuff. Good for a lot of photos."

Thanks, but no thanks.

Brown Bag Theatre has been doing first rate work week after week for four years now. They deserve the coverage; it's that simple.

Brown Bag is a class; its students receive five credits. Preparing for weekly productions that include intricate lighting, set design, costuming and envigorating acting, these drama students earn those five credits.

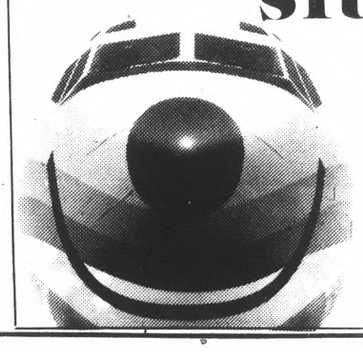
Daily access to free, exciting theatre is a unique opportunity for cultural midday escape, an opportunity surely impractical and unlikely in the off-campus, real world that awaits us.

The Kathe Kollwitz exhibition of engravings, drawings, and sculptures will be showing at SF State from Monday, April 17, through Friday, May 5.

Kathe Kollwitz is internationally known for her works depicting the condition of working class men and women. Her images of hardship and death which were evoked during the two World Wars are among some of the most powerful of the 20th century. She has been described as "the artist of the proletariat." Her works sometimes appear crude by fine art standards, but her only aim was expression.

The SF State Student Union Gallery will be showing this powerful exhibition from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. weekdays, and from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturdays.

TAKE A STUDY BREAK!



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an unmarried woman

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Women writers' film festival

by C.L. Moloshco

Colette had a chat with Jean Cocteau. Janet Flanner told about her first meeting with Picasso. Gwendolyn Brooks remembered the day she answered her telephone and was told she won a Pulitzer prize.

The Women Writers Film Festival held at McKenna Theatre last Sunday filled the day with stories and emotions.

Sponsored by the SF State Women's Studies program and the San Francisco Women's Center, the program was professionally organized, but it was a long day cramming nine rarely-screened films into a single program. Nine films, two intermissions and a lunch break.

Most of the films used a simple format where the writer read excerpts from her works, responded to questions from an off-camera interviewer and went about her daily routine.

The films were not great masterpieces of film technique. However, the stories told and the women portrayed lifted the films from the abyss of mediocre documentaries.

The program also included an Asian-American women's poetry reading with Nellie Wong Balch, Barbara Noda, Kitty Tsui and Mitsuye Yamada.

Yamada read a sarcastic poem addressed to a lady in San Francisco who asked her why the Japanese-Americans let the government put them into prison camps without protest in the 1940s. An excerpt:

Come to think of it, I should've hijacked a plane to Algeria. Should've holed myself up in a woodframe house and let you watch me burn up on the six o'clock news.

But we didn't draw the line
Anywhere
Law and order Executive Order 9066
Social order Moral order Internal order
You let'm
i let'm
All are punished.

The films were colored with a wide range of emotions. The film on Anne Sexton, poet, was a powerful look at a woman struggling for her life. The tall, dark-haired, thin woman spoke of her nervous breakdown and how, during the recovery, she was turned on to writing.

In a poem to her daughter, she said, *What I want to say is, women are born twice.* The film was moving, especially knowing Sexton had since committed suicide.

Janet Flanner, a writer for *The New Yorker* magazine since February, 1921, was a feisty and gregarious woman on film. Sitting comfortably in her apartment, she told stories about her years in Paris when she wrote the "Paris Letters" for *The New Yorker*.

Flanner said she often saw Picasso at a cafe in Paris but never approached him because she considered it a bit crass to intrude upon his privacy.

Eventually they met and Picasso invited her to his home. The first thing he said to her when she arrived was, "Why didn't you ever speak to me?"

Flanner said Gertrude Stein "was phenomenal as a writer and as a woman." Flanner was also impressed with her laughter. Flanner went into great detail explaining the way Stein would throw her head back and out would come "an extraordinary gust of laughter. She was a great laugher, one of the greatest personalities in Paris."

Speaking of writing, Flanner said, "It's a great thing to be a writer because you re-create your report on the new world."

Eudora Welty, a 1973 Pulitzer Prize-winning short story writer, said her fascination with people compelled her to write.

A lifelong resident of Jackson, Miss., Welty said that she may begin a story in longhand, but she must put it through the typewriter before she can be objective about what she has written. Writing for her is a disciplined process of creativity.

What starts in longhand becomes typed, then spread out on a table, cut up and put together in an acceptable order, "Then," she said, "I start over again." Short stories are different from novels, she explained. "They have to be pulled tight as a tightrope."

Welty conveyed a true affection for writing and reading. After reading an excerpt from one of her stories, *The Petrified Forest*, she glowed and, smiling, said, "I just love that part."

The Virginia Woolf film was interesting but difficult to take seriously since she was portrayed through other people's opinions of her.

Constant references to her "sickness" and "mental instability" were received with groans and hissing from the audience. One woman said Woolf didn't "lead a normal married life because she had no children."

Raymond Mortimer said she had a good streak of malice.

"Malice at its best, you know," he said.

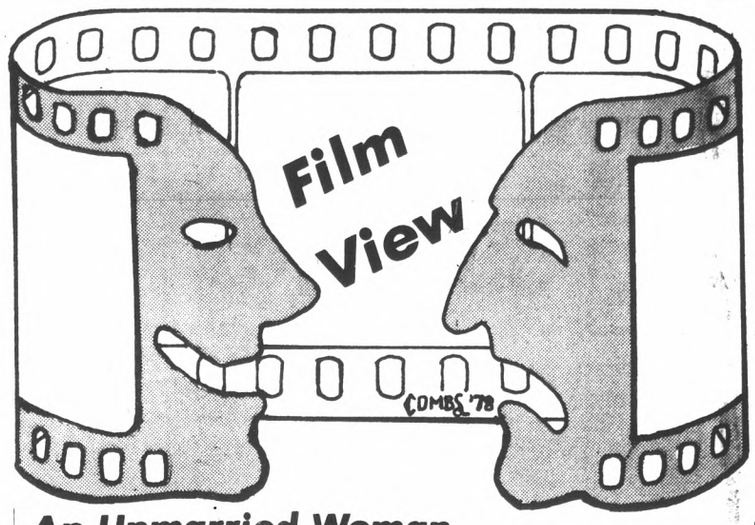
But not all the comments were judgmental. A story was told about her fascination with detailed observation.

One day she asked a friend to tell her about his day. He said something about simply getting home from school. According to the storyteller, Woolf said, "No, no, that won't do. Start from the beginning. What woke you up?" He said the sun woke him up. Woolf leaned forward and, glaring into his eyes, asked, "And what kind of sun was it – an angry or happy sun?"

The films on Sarah Fabio, poet, Toni Morrison, novelist, and Ruth Stone, poet, portrayed women who were determined and self-confident.

A spokeswoman from the S.F. Women's Center said the profits from the program will be added to the Women's Building Fund.

Colette, one of many prominent writers included in the film festival.



An Unmarried Woman

by Joyce Lodwick

Joining the recent bandwagon of "women's films," *An Unmarried Woman* offers all the elements of contemporary male-female conflict – except credibility.

Jill Clayburgh portrays Erica, a middle-aged woman whose 17-year marriage ends in divorce. The movie chronicles her experiences during and after the breakup – her initial shock, sadness, hostility toward men and finally her rediscovery of love.

An Unmarried Woman revels in unfulfilled potential. It deals with types, not people. As in the old TV series *Divorce Court*, all the characters are there (the hurt woman, the lousy husband, the confused daughter, the lover), but they are stereotypes.

The movie is too perfect. Erica has all the necessary components to become the liberated little lady. She has a rotten ex-husband, her own job and a lesbian (do we know for sure?) therapist. She also has her own consciousness-raising group, no different than a group of suburban housewives yakking over coffee. Of course, there is no problem of financial support from her ex, Martin (Michael Murphy). He may be a rat-fink, but he always comes through with the alimony checks.

The plot isn't true-to-life. Divorcees are not always upper middle-class women in New York City. They have financial crises to worry about and cannot afford the luxury of a therapist. The ending of the movie is especially difficult to accept. Although Erica finds her own identity and does what she believes is right for herself, the film seems to state that people are immune to more than one mistake.

Some faults of the movie lie with the casting of Clayburgh as Erica. As a woman in her late 30s, she is not believable. She looks 25, younger at times – the perfect vision of a man's child-woman fantasy.

Clayburgh is a sensitive, fine actress, but she is not right for the part.

The casting for the male roles fared much better. Murphy is perfect as up-tight Martin, the kind of guy you love to hate. Feeling sorry for him is impossible, even when he wants to come back to Erica. He provokes a reaction of "What a creep!"

Cliff Gorman is excellent as Charlie, the first of Erica's one-night stands. Every woman knows such a lecherous Casanova – not harmful, just obnoxious.

The man whom Erica finally falls in love with, Saul, played by Alan Bates, is too good to be true. But who cares? Bates' portrayal is convincing. He's handsome, gentle, compassionate ... the perfect man.

Lisa Lucas is also good as Erica's bratty, confused daughter.

An Unmarried Woman is mildly entertaining, but it lacks the ability to make the viewer become emotionally involved. That ability is necessary in a movie about divorce. Without real life and real people, emotional involvement can't happen.

An Unmarried Woman, written and directed by Paul Mazursky, opened yesterday at the Northpoint.

Creative Campus

a weekly calendar of events

Cinematheque presents Ingmar Bergman's film of Mozart's *The Magic Flute* at 1:30 p.m. and 8 p.m. Friday, April 14, in McKenna Theatre. $1.25

On Wednesday, April 19, Cinematheque presents John Ford's *My Darling Clementine* at 7:30 p.m.

Joan Rivers, comedienne and filmmaker, will appear at the Barbary Coast on Monday at 4 p.m.

Theatre Arts Showcase offers *Play* by Samuel Beckett, April 18, Tuesday at 1 p.m. in Arena Theatre (CA 104). Admission is free.

Country and blues will be performed by Anita Austin and Pecos on Tuesday, April 18, in the Union Depot from 5-7 p.m. Admission is free.

On Wednesday, April 19th, the Depot features Street Music Extravaganza from 5-7 p.m. Free.

On Thursday, April 13, Point of Pleasure, a modern folk quartet, will appear at the Depot from 1:30 - 3:30 p.m. Free.

The SF State Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Terry Allen, will present a free concert on Thursday, April 13, at 12:30 p.m. in the Barbary Coast.

The SF State Artists' Series will present the San Francisco Symphony Winds featuring Laszlo Varga on Sunday, April 16, at 3 p.m. in McKenna Theatre. Admission is free.

Brown Bag Theatre presents *The Monkey's Paw* by W. W. Jacobs, today and tomorrow at noon in CA 102. Free.

Eugene O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness!* will play tonight through Saturday in Arena Theatre (CA 104) at 8 p.m. Call 585-7174 for information.

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Meet with Moshe Shoshani from the Ministry of Tourism on April 18, 1978. Contact Israel Aliyah Center, 46 Kearny Street, S.F., 392-8998 for an appointment.

Thursday and Friday—April 13-14:
Louis Malle's
"LACOMBE, LUCIEN" (PG)
Aurore Clement, Pierre Blaise
"SUNDAYS AND CYBELE" (PG)
Hardy Kruger, Nicole Courcel
"Lacombe": ONCE at 8:30/"Sundays": 6:30, 10:50
(In at 6:30, out at 10:45)
Saturday and Sunday—April 15-16:
"COUSIN, COUSINE" (R)
Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux
"SMALL CHANGE" (PG)
Directed by Francois Truffaut
"Cousin": 1:20, 5:10, 9:00/"Small": 3:10, 7:00, 10:45
Tues., Wed., Thurs.,— April 18, 19, 10:
"OUTRAGEOUS" (R)
Craig Russell, Hollis McLaren
"HARRY AND TONTO"' (R)
Art Carney, Ellen Burstyn
"Outrageous": ONCE at 8:30/"Harry":6:30, 10:55
(In at 6:30, out at 10:45)
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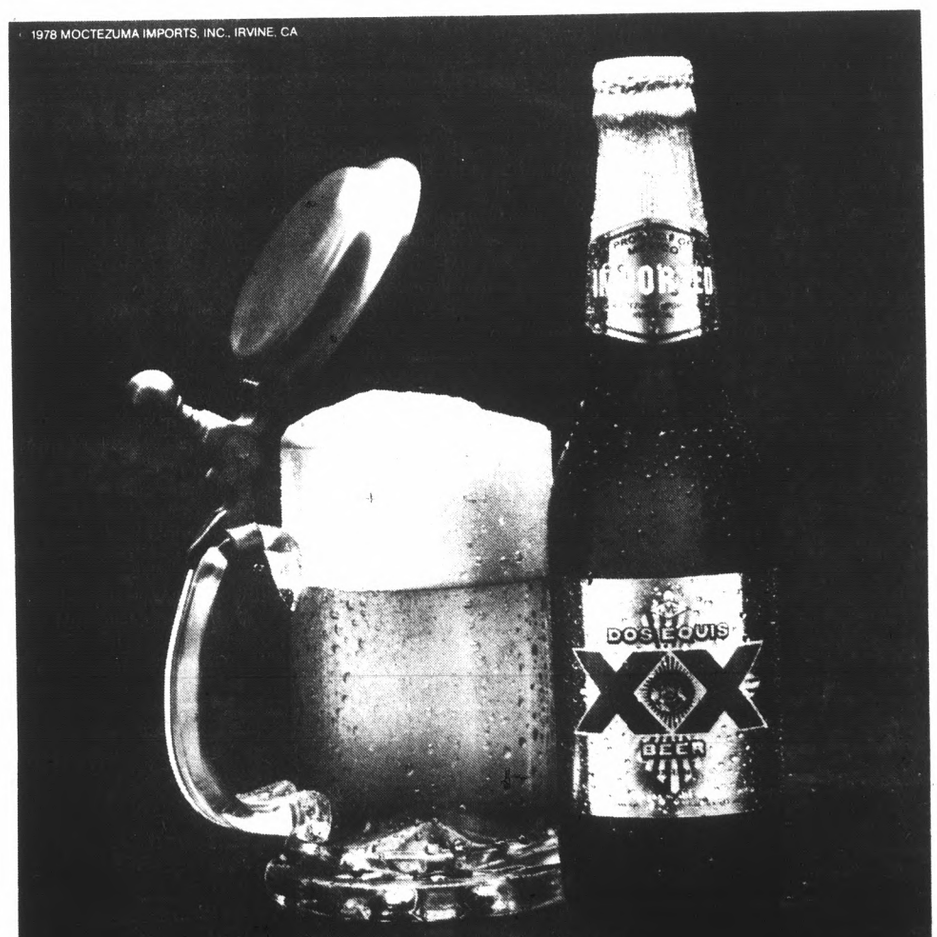

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SPORTS

ROUNDUP

MEN'S TENNIS --
SF State hosts University of Nevada-Reno **today at 3** p.m. . . . The Gators now 1-3 defeated Stanislaus State, 7-2, after bowing to Chico State, 6-3.

WOMEN'S TENNIS --
The Nevada-Reno team is the opponent **tomorrow** here at 3 p.m. . . . In last week's action, the Gators took a decision from Sonoma State, 7-2, but were edged by Chico State, 5-4.

TRACK --
The Gators will be performing at the Woody Wilson Relays at **UC Davis on Saturday, starting at 10 a.m.** . . . Last Saturday's loss to Humboldt State evened the track team's record at 3-3, 1-3 in the Far Western Conference . . . A miscue in the 4x100-meter race hurt the team as it lost 90-81 . . .

Jeff Snyder's toss of 156.3 in the hammer throw placed him second on SF State's all-time list . . . *Bob Lange's* time of 32:07.6 in the 10k was good for second on the all-time list . . *Rich Hornstra* clocked 3:56.4 in the 1500 meters, placing third on the all-time list.

BADMINTON --
The team travels to UC Davis Saturday for the Golden State Conference Championships . . . The matches will decide the outcome of the league race as well as individual champions . . . Gators finished with an 0-5-1 record.

GOLF --
SF State placed fifth in the FWC opener . . . *Don Davis* shot a 77, which was the only bright spot . . . The team hosts the conference next Wednesday at the Olympic Club.

BASEBALL --
Next home game is **Saturday** against Hayward State . . . "Play ball" will be yelled out at **noon.**

See story on next page.

SOFTBALL --
Coni Staff's team hosts Nevada-Reno **tomorrow at 2 p.m.** and a doubleheader **Saturday** against Humboldt State starting at **11 a.m.**

BOXING--
Michael Gans, winner of the Golden Gloves Heavyweight crown, will not be competing in Biloxi, Miss., for the national title ... Gans injured his thumb when he won the local competition. He plans to fight later in Las Vegas to pick up some ring experience ... Gans is still a local fighter to watch for in the upcoming Olympics.

It's not the end but only The Beginning

by Larry Espinola

Nate Thurmond played professional basketball for 14 seasons and was considered the third best all-around center behind Wilt Chamberlain and Bill Russell.

He is still taking care of business.

Among his numerous business ventures (he owns manicure shops in Cleveland) his most successful is his soul food restaurant called The Beginning, on Fillmore Street in San Francisco.

Five years ago he made a decision to become a restaurateur. He found a site and decorated it in a 1900 motif depicting early Black America.

"My restaurant has become the focal point of my life," Thurmond said. "It's an extension of my relationship with the city; my eternal link.

"It's mostly my grandmother's influence," Thurmond explained. "She was the first influence on my life. She was the beginning. That's why it seemed right to give the restaurant the name."

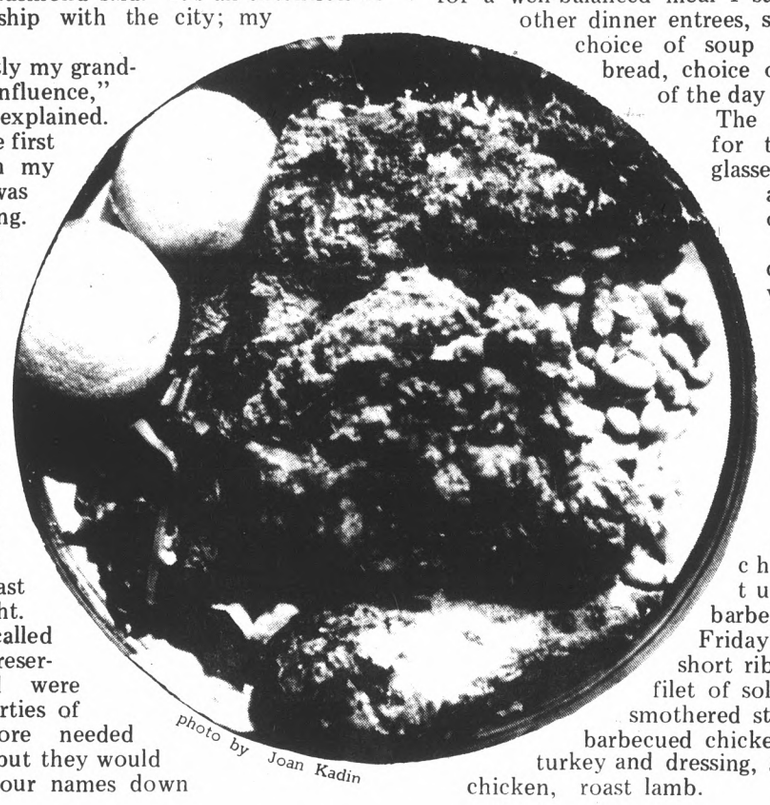

photo by Joan Kadin

Being avid fans of both basketball and food, a friend and I decided to dine there last Saturday night.

We had called earlier for reservations and were told that parties of five or more needed reservations but they would gladly take our names down anyway.

The Beginning is not very big, and the active bar is only minimally separated from the limited-seating dining areas. There's no wine list; just carafes of the house selection.

The Beginning has several always-available baked meats and cooked-to-order entrees.

On Saturday I had the daily special of one-half barbecued chicken ($5.50) and my friend had gumbo ($6.50). We were given a choice of soup or salad. I chose the salad, which turned out to be a wise decision on my part since the main entrees are generously proportioned dishes.

Each day there are five or six vegetables on the menu, two of which you select with your entree. Whatever you decide on, make mustard greens one of your choices. They are tinted with a shade of hotness and are certainly every bit as delicious as any generally regarded "elegant" vegetable.

The gumbo is served *a la carte*. Gumbo is a spicy-hot soup dish which contains chicken, rice, crab, shrimp, ocra, bellpepper, onion and pepper corns. French bread is served with it as well as a finger bowl, since your hands will be required in eating gumbo.

Although my meal came with canned fruits and jello (no extra cost) I decided on the potato pie(.75) instead, while my friend had peach cobbler (.95). Both were delicious.

Taking nothing away from the gumbo dish, for a well-balanced meal I suggest any of the other dinner entrees, since they include choice of soup or salad, corn bread, choice of two vegetables of the day and dessert.

The complete dinner for two, along with glasses of 7-up came to a reasonable total of $15.74.

To help you decide when you want to go to The Beginning, here are the daily specials. Tuesday: oxtails, gumbo. Wednesday: chicken and dumplings, ham hocks, pot roast. Thursday: chitlins, baked turkey wing, barbecued spare ribs. Friday: gumbo, baked short ribs, fried prawns, filet of sole. Saturday: smothered steak, gumbo, barbecued chicken. Sunday: turkey and dressing, southern fried chicken, roast lamb.

The Beginning can be rated the same as Nate (The Great) Thurmond was when he played basketball. Great!

****

The Beginning, 2020 Fillmore Street (between California and Pine), San Francisco. Reservations suggested, 563-9948. Lunch and dinner every day except Monday.

ED LIT

Catch It!

It's the first week of the baseball season and everyone is in the act.

Locally, our two professional teams got off to a good start. To most people's surprise, the A's drew 17,283 fans for their opener. They even won the game, 1–0, and played half-decent, considering not too many of the ballplayers have played regularly for a major league team.

Attendance dropped to 1,890 for the second game but the new look A's won again, 2–0.

What Charlie Finley's team does the rest of the season remains to be seen. According to most respected baseball authorities, the A's would rather be in Denver. It's still not too late for a move to occur. All it takes is the right number of dollars.

The Giants had their usual successful turnout for the opening series. The first game always draws well and Sunday's Cap Day brought out 30,000-plus fans.

Joe Altobelli's team looks like a third-place finisher, behind the powerful Reds and Dodgers. Only a collapse or an overabundance of injuries on the Cincinnati and Los Angeles clubs could move the Giants up in the standings.

But, after watching the Giants defeat Tom Seaver and the Reds Tuesday evening, fans will give the Giants a closer look.

There is no pennant fever in the area, but baseball fever is around.

Hizzoner the mayor, George Moscone, wrote a nostalgic tribute to the Giants in Monday's *Examiner*. He set the scene of the first Giants' game in 1958 when North Beach's Gino Cimoli took Reuben Gomez's first pitch "low and away."

Last Saturday's NBC *Baseball Game of the Week* featured games by last year's World Series participants, the Dodgers and Yankees.

The Los Angeles team had no problems against Atlanta, but the Yankees found the Texas Rangers tough. The Rangers, doing what the Yankees did last year, have bought and traded for outstanding talent.

Richie Zisk, 20 pounds lighter, hit a home run in the bottom of the ninth to win it for the Rangers. The Yankees' Reggie Jackson was picked off first base late in the game as manager Billy Martin stared in disbelief.

All throughout the telecasts, Tommy Lasorda, the Dodgers manager, popped up, saying, "I've been all over the country and baseball fever is spreading – Catch it."

ABC's first *Monday Night Baseball* broadcast was a little disappointing because Howard Cosell was not on the tube. The Dodgers were again and that was a disappointment.

Back to the local scene: Lon Simmons can lull even the most ardent baseball fan to sleep. He did it Sunday announcing the Giants game. It's too bad because I would've liked to have heard the Giants' come-from-behind victory.

I tried to tune in the A's broadcast Friday night, but it seems the signal only goes as far as Telegraph Ave. If you haven't heard, Finley made a deal with KALX-FM, the UC Berkeley radio station. Now A's fans will have to go to the ball park to find out how the team is doing. Good idea, Charlie.

Trivia correction: W. Graff, a part-time SF State student informed me of a few mistakes in last week's trivia column.

He said Bill Virdon wore number 18 and Smokey Burgess had 6 on his back. Also, Bob Friend was number 19 and Elroy Face was 26.

Graff also said, "...Keep the facts straight or I'll catch you every time."

Baseball fever is spreading – Catch it.

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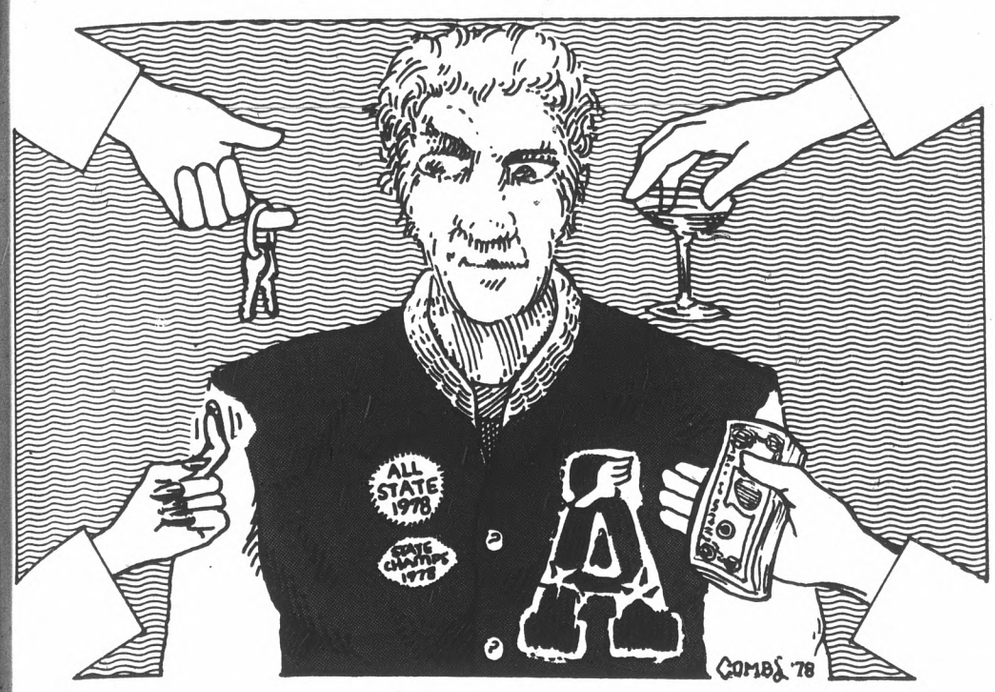

What price victory?

by Gino Pomilia

Football recruiting programs are now taking place at colleges all over the country. They are seeking athletes who will help establish a winning season and thereby create a successful and prosperous program.

Although recruiting at SF State is on a much smaller level than the recruiting at major colleges, it is still a time consuming job. Even on the division III level, which includes SF State, recruiting for the upcoming season is the most important business at hand, and, according to head Coach Vic Rowen, without it the program can't survive.

Since SF State belongs to the Far Western Conference, scholarships aren't available to the athletes. The coaches must stress the school's academic status and maintain an enthusiastic outlook on the upcoming season.

In the South, where squadrons of alumni planes take talent-hunters on costly recruiting missions, the process becomes an even bigger business. The use of alumni keeps many schools from operating in the red. The schools can use their budgeted funds within the schools.

On hundreds of college campuses the day of reckoning appears to be drawing near. Concerned educators, administrators and even a few coaches are beginning to ask, "What price victory?"

This crisis has led reformers to call for a new look at the role of sports in college life. Critics see big-time intercollegiate athletics as a monstrous money tree.

But the debate has two sides. For millions of Americans, intercollegiate athletics has become a way of life; an exciting, entertaining, often ego-building source of pride for alumni, townspeople, television viewers, state legislators and even students.

Even here at SF State, Coach Rowen admits that recruiting is only effective when there is true enthusiasm among the coaches, the athletes and, in some cases, the alumni, who may not own their own planes but give support to the program itself.

by Roger Cruzen

In the recruiting business, often it is not how you play the game, but how you pay it.

Brant Bramer, a junior in his first quarter at UC Berkeley, visited several universities that expressed interest in his football abilities during his senior year at Strathmore High School in the San Joaquin Valley.

One such trip was to Duke University in Durham, N.C.

"When I arrived at the airport, the coach picked me up and took me back to the school, where I was met by the two players who had been delegated as my hosts. They took me to my motel room – a place like the Ramada Inn. Before the coach left, he gave the players some money to 'show me a good time,'" the 6-3, 245-pound Bramer said.

"They asked me if I liked to party, and if I liked to drink beer – the drinking age is 18 back there," he said. "Then they took me back to the campus, to the gym, where there was an all-campus party going on. They had a live band and kegs of beer.

"Boy, they proceeded to get me blitzed. I mean totally. I just sat there and got ripped, since I wasn't paying for anything. About four in the morning, they took me back to my motel room.

"The next morning, I had left a wake-up call at the desk for 7:30 but I slept through it, and the coach finally had to come up to the room and wake me up."

The coach drove him back to the university, where he was counseled by a dean and a financial aid worker.

"By that time, I had already pretty much made up my mind that I wasn't going to go to this school," Bramer said. "I was just taking the trip because it was a chance to go to North Carolina."

But his "good time" didn't end there.

"At dinner that night, the players who hosted me were on a meal ticket, so they could only eat so much, but I had a special tab and could eat as much as I wanted," Bramer said. "So I put their dinner on my tab – which cost about twenty bucks – but the athletic department paid for it.

The cost of the entire trip was estimated by Bramer to be at least $450, all of which was paid by the Athletic Department at Duke University. The only cost to Bramer was the cost of a drink on the plane flight.

"I even called my girlfriend at home on the room tab," he said.

Architects of women's athletics

by Jack Bettridge

This year will mark the end of the college careers of two athletes who have helped form SF State's strong women's sports program.

Donna Stallone and Karen Gai have each competed in four different sports. Both are now playing badminton and softball simultaneously. They also played on the basketball and volleyball teams.

On the field, the women display the kind of spirit and dedication that causes badminton coach Frieda Lee to say, "You just wish you had a whole team of Donnas and Karens."

Lee tells a story about the kind of dedication they have. Once when they had come in from a Friday night basketball game at three in the morning, they showed up to play in a badminton tournament at 8 a.m. on Saturday. Lee told them they didn't have to play and they replied, "It wouldn't be fun if we weren't tired."

Donna Stallone

Karen Gai

Gai, who will graduate in May, reflects on her possible over-involvement in sports. Because she is so involved, most of her friends are teammates. This is something she wishes to change.

"I have to consciously think about getting to know other people," she says.

Stallone considers the strain of her involvement in sports to be more of a mental one than physical.

"You find out a lot about yourself the first time you yell at one of your teammates over something stupid," she says.

Gai sees her role in sports as a personal commitment rather than a political gesture for women's liberation.

"I do what I want. I don't think about that," she says.

Stallone finds it a challenge to be a woman in sports: "You have to put up with an image, a lot of 'you're gay' or something. It helps to build character."

Both women's commitment is revealed in their attitudes. Gai plays catcher in softball despite her chronic knee injuries. She says that she didn't feel she performed well at the position last year and wants to try again this year to make improvements.

Stallone says that she competes in many sports in order to gauge her performance in as many activities as possible. If she can win the women's badminton title in the championships this weekend, she would consider it one of the highlights of her career because it would be a mark of individual achievement.

After graduation in December, Stallone will start a four-year hitch in the Air Force as part of her current ROTC program.

Although she is a PE major, Gai has no aspirations to teach or coach right away. She prefers to work at her father's grocery store or travel a little before going into a career.

USF baserunner beats the ball to 3rd base. Photo by Gary Cameron

USF defeats SF State 6-4

Gators surprised

by Michael Torcellini

Al Figone, SF State baseball coach, received a surprise from the University of San Francisco baseball team Tuesday.

Prior to the game Figone described the Dons as "not having a very good team this year," and referred to their 7-36 record as evidence.

Figone's Gators were bumped-off by the host Dons, 6-4, extending SF State's losing streak to 11.

"They're a much improved squad compared to the one we played earlier in the season," Figone said following the loss. The two teams split two previous meetings this season.

Although Figone was confident of victory entering the contest, the Dons stung Gators starting pitcher Bruce Willis for three first inning runs.

The cross town rivals put two more runs across in the fourth, and padded their lead with a shot over the left field fence in the seventh.

On a close play at the plate in the fourth inning with the score tied, Gators right fielder Corey Price was called out when he slid past the plate. Third base coach Ron Moracco typified the game's tension when he firmly disputed the call, and home plate umpire Rocky Rochon ejected him from the game.

"I thought our guy was safe," said Figone, "but I didn't want us losing our composure, and have two coaches ejected."

Although some sparks flew between players during the game, both Figone and USF coach Dan Bendetti described the intra-city rivalry as a "friendly one."

Behind most of the game, the Gators continually fought back, but were plagued by several base running mistakes. Players were twice picked-off first base, stifling Gator threats in the second and eighth innings.

The Gators scored three runs in the third inning, and one in the seventh, but it was not enough as Larry Friel, the third of the Gator's four pitchers, suffered the loss.

The Gators players might have had their minds elsewhere since they recently came off a three game series loss to Chico State, and face a crucial series this weekend against Hayward State.

Losing all three games in the series with Chico, the Gators were hoping to get back on the winning tract. USF did nothing to help as Tuesday's loss pushed the Gator's overall record to 9-18.

The Gators travel to Hayward on Friday for an afternoon contest, and return to San Francisco for a double-header on Saturday, also against Hayward.

"They're a very good team," said Figone about Hayward. "This weekend will be a deciding series. If we don't sweep it, we'll be in a position where we have to win nearly the rest of our games.

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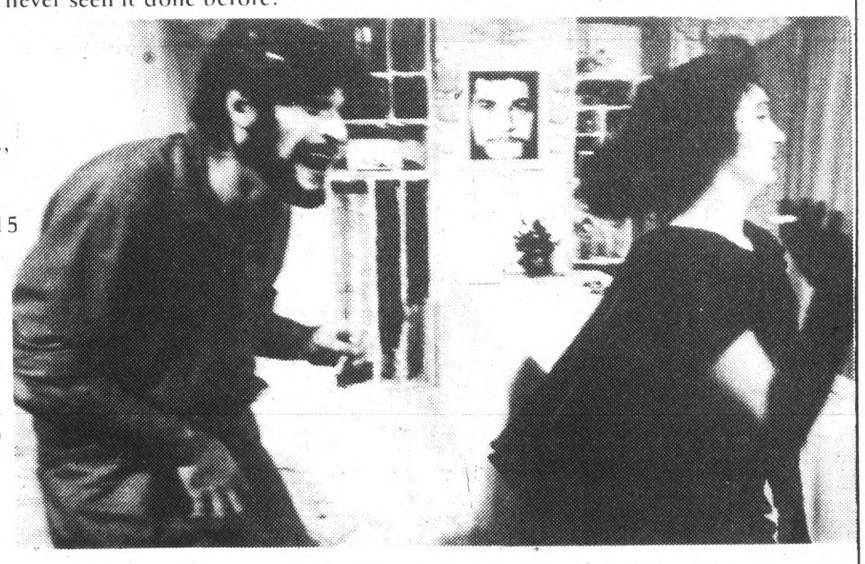

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BACKWORDS

Sunday celebration at Taylor and Ellis

Text and photos by Lynn Carey

As usual, it's standing room only at Glide Memorial's multi-media Sunday service.

The worshipers sway with rhythm, singing a spiritual.

"Did you see those people trying to oppress meee,
Comin' for to carry me home;
But I've got soul and I'm gonna be freeee,
Comin' for to carry me home!"

The words are flashed on a wall from a slide projector. The wall explodes in color.

Most of the crowd claps; some church-goers stomp their feet. Those who really turn on to the music move into the aisle to dance.

"Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home –
Swiiiing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carrrrrry meeee hooooome!"

As the drums crash to a rousing finish, the congregation applauds. A few people whistle.

An announcer's voice booms, "The city's spiritual revolutionary," and the Rev. Cecil Williams bounds into the spotlight.

"Repeat after me!" he roars into the microphone. "We are here to CELEBRATE!"

Williams, Glide's reverend for the past 12 years, has attracted visitors from all over the world.

To those who expect a traditional Methodist service, Williams' controversial celebration comes as a surprise and a shock.

Since the black preacher started his reign, average Sunday attendance has soared from 250 to more than 2,000. Some wear church-goin' best, others come in jeans. Everyone has a good time.

Glide was established in 1930 as a memorial to the husband of Elizabeth Glide. The building at Ellis and Taylor was surrounded by posh apartment houses and hotels.

Rev. Cecil Williams: "I try to shake and shock people out of the Jesus/God stuff." At right, Glide Memorial -- standing room only.

Then the area slowly became infested with bars and strip joints. Nearby, hotel lobbies became havens for winos. The Glide Foundation trustees decided a radical change was needed to benefit the immediate community.

Enter Williams.

Williams started his ministry in 1966. The first thing he did was remove the pulpit and the cross that hung behind it. Williams made room for a four-piece band and grand piano. He changed the name of the service from "church" to "celebration."

In a sweat-soaked dashiki, Williams preaches grass-roots theology while pacing before his congregation, constantly gesturing and flapping his arms so his voluminous sleeves look like wings.

He preaches about self-righteousness.

"I was choooosen," he drawls sarcastically. "You should have seeeen me when I was chosen. I was so chosen I could not choooooose! Ain't nobody chosen," he screeches. "But I used to fool people so goooood!"

The service is punctuated with rousing spirituals, handclapping and dancing.

"The Bible said King David danced," Williams says. "So I dance. I loooove to dance."

He makes no reference to the Bible in his service, and few to God and Jesus.

"I get hunches from the Bible. I get hunches from Moses and Jesus. But I don't believe in the lifestyle of Jesus. I just get hunches from it."

Williams later says he doesn't like to preach what God is.

"I tell what God isn't! You can't have a glory of God unless you have a glory of humanity!"

Face and palms uplifted to the spotlight, Williams speaks to his congregation.

"You think there's miracles? You think a miracle is gonna come along and make everything all right?"

He glances down almost mischievously.

"Doooon't you fool yourself."

Williams has been criticized by his peers in the Methodist Church. Several years ago members of a Methodist Restoration group accused him in print of encouraging booze, nudity, belly dancing, masturbation and fornication during his services.

The Reverend Cecil Williams moves among his congregation during Glide Memorial's Sunday "celebration."

Williams was amused by the allegations, and still seems to relish his image.

Williams says he realizes that many of his worshipers look at him as a god, which worries him a little.

"I am not your deity," he croons, swaying to the beat of his own words. "I looooove trying to be it, though!"

Taking care not to trip over his microphone cord, Williams weaves among the people sitting on the steps and in the aisle, shaking his fists.

"We don't own nobody!" he shouts at the congregation. "You don't own me, and I don't own you! You can't own no people no more!"

His voice drops. "I used to own somebody. Shore is good to own somebody, ain't it?"

Williams' 20-year marriage to his wife Eve ended two years ago in what they called a "creative divorce."

As well as the Sunday celebrations, Glide Foundation has programs designed to help and improve the community, including rap groups, reading groups and theater groups.

"I try to shake and shock people out of the Jesus/God stuff. They have to believe in themselves. And before they can heal themselves, they have to *affirm* themselves."

Many of Williams' parishioners agree that if he ever left Glide the movement he started will probably disintegrate.

"I ain't leavin' though," he assures them. They applaud.

The words to the last song of the celebration are well known by the congregation. On the wall colored designs flash the words "Nothing is more precious than freedom and independence."

The worshipers warble under the powerful voice of Williams and his microphone.

"Deeeeeep in my heart
I-I-I-I do believe
We shall overcome tooooodaaaaaay."

Playing with electric fire-- and creating art

Text and photos by David Peterson

The Exploratorium at the Palace of Fine Arts is like the empty hangar of some enormous and forgotten air craft. A few far away skylights admit some light, but until your eyes adjust, the dim recesses of the cavernous building seem to hold only fleeting shadows of movement.

Flickering lights and strange sounds manifest themselves. A brilliant red beam lances across the hall to dance on a distant wall; the tones of what seems to be a far-away organ waver in the air.

Partially hidden by a cluster of people, an eerie purplish-blue glow emanates from a strange piece of artwork.

The blue glow comes from a long glass tube mounted in a fiberglass shell. Fire seems to eddy and flow withing the tube. Colored balls of glowing gas form a long and stately procession which slowly moves from one end of the cylinder to the other. Touching the glass, radiant gases leap to meet your fingers and, as your hand moves, the shining clouds follow to form miniature whirlwinds and patterns of fire.

The effect is hypnotic – and a little frightening. Even though you only feel the smoothly cool glass, there is a sense of contained force and pent-up power moving only a fraction of an inch from your fingertips. Words such as beautiful, fascinating and fantastical come to mind.

"Conceptually," says Bill Parker, the 25-year-old sculptor of the piece, "it's a surface representation of something that's invisible, but nonetheless real."

Standing high atop one of the Exploratorium's exhibits, Parker adjusts a complex laser display system. Reaching into a pocket, the bearded artist-in- residence removes a cigarette and casually touches the tip to the laser's intense beam. Within seconds it lights.

Temporarily satisfied with the laser's performance, Parker climbs down from his perch and walks to his glowing sculpture. An 11-year-old boy stands before the piece. Assuming an instant rapport, the boy and Parker carry on a spirited discussion of what it's all about.

Parker explains that the glow is the ionization of gas molecules by radio-wave energy. "Our bodies are composed of various fields and particles of matter," says Parker, "and we can interact with the energy fields of those glowing balls to attract them."

After a few more minutes of conversation, the boy makes a final brush with his hand, plucking the line of light like a guitar string, and leaves.

When pressed to explain just what makes the sculpture tick, Parker shows a reluctance that is in marked contrast to the enthusiasm displayed before. He usually doesn't discuss the technical nuts-and-bolts aspects that actually make his pieces work, he says, because it enters into specialized knowledge and begins to supplant his intentions as an artist.

"The whole idea is to show things that have never been seen before," he says. "A lot of the technological art that is seen today has a gimmicky taste I find hard to accept. In my own work I try as hard as I can to steer away from the knobs, dials, and switches that look like technology. I'd much rather have those parts totally in the background and removed from view.

A glance at the base of the sculpture shows a plate that reads, "AM Lightning, PLBB, Long Wave, Short Circuit."

"The PLBB stands for Papa Lightning's Blue Balls, Parker says. It took a year and a half for Parker to complete the sculpture. "That," he adds with a smile, "is where the Blue Balls comes from, as well as referring to the blue balls that float around inside it.

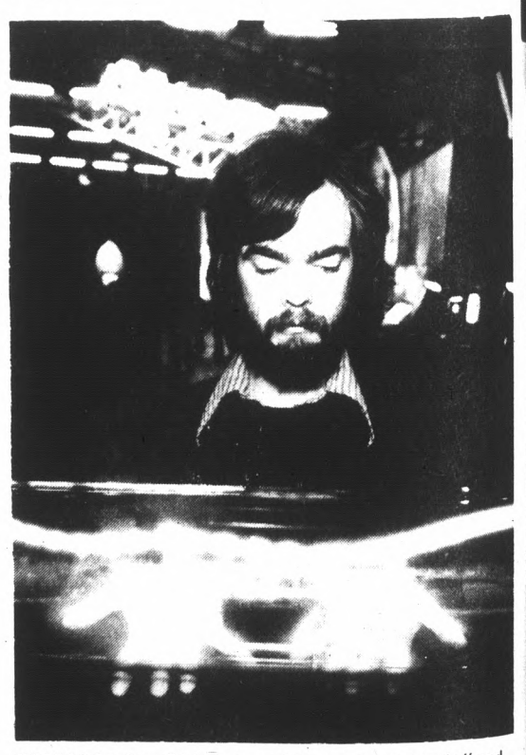
"One of the big problems with my type of art is that the technical grounding takes so long to gain that the output is not nearly as great as I would like it to be."

Parker says one of the main blocks to technical art works has been the probability of breakdown. Many museums, galleries and potential customers are reluctant to acquire a piece that may need constant care and an oil change every thousand miles.

"A lot of them have the attitude that you wouldn't want to change the batteries on your Picasso to enjoy it, so why support a lot of maintenance of a technical piece. And I agree with that," he says.

"I use a thing called Mean Time Between Failures on my stuff," he says "which means you work for the longest life from the weakest component in the system." He laughs and then adds, "What that is is Murphy's Law in reverse. AM Lightning should last for 50 to 75 years before the weakest component fails. All you need to do is rub it a bit to start it with static electricity and that makes it participatory and kind of nice at the same time.

"If we're all around 50 years from now I'm sure someone will want to take care of it ... if they can get the parts."

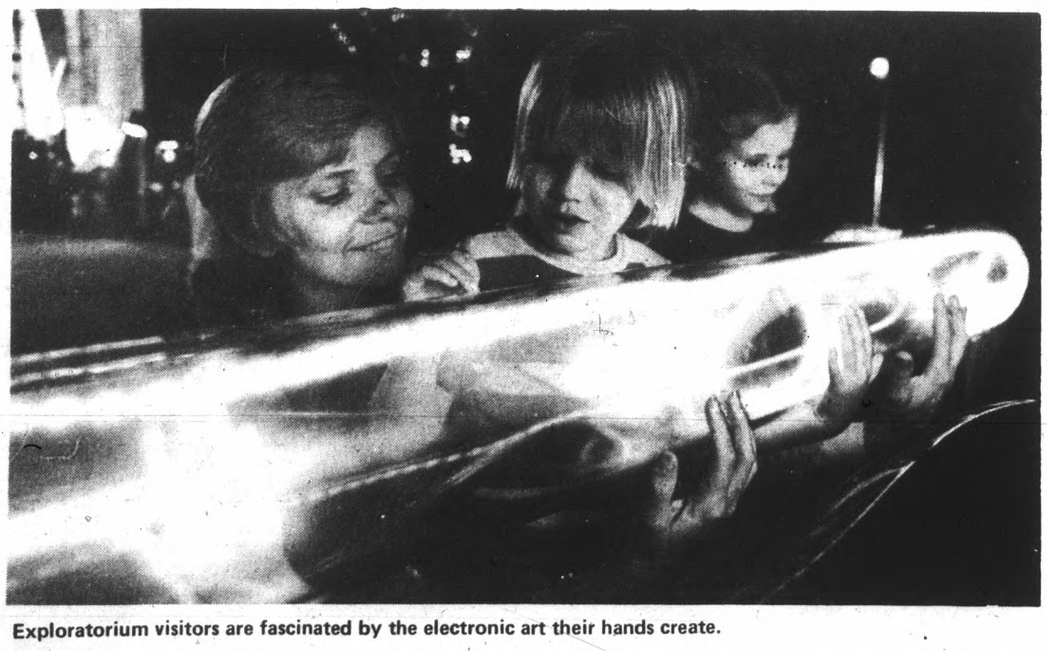


"AM Lightning, PLBB, Long Wave, Short circuit" and creator Bill Parker.

By the end of the day the shadows in the nearly empty Exploratorium have become much darker. With one flick of a switch the power to the displays is cut and the radiance of "AM Lightning" dies.

Parker watches his inert machine thoughtfully for a moment and then says, "In the realm of poetry, there's a class of technically interested people on the West Coast that don't seem to express the fears of technology that most people have come to expect. Traditionally, poets have shied away from anything harder than a tree, but now here are these guys writing about cars, big airplanes and mechanical devices in a very positive way.

"I believe art has to have something to say. It's like looking inside a watch to see its beauty. Something that's man-made has a curiosity factor that can perhaps give a taste of the unexplainable."



Exploratorium visitors are fascinated by the electronic art their hands create.

Centerfold

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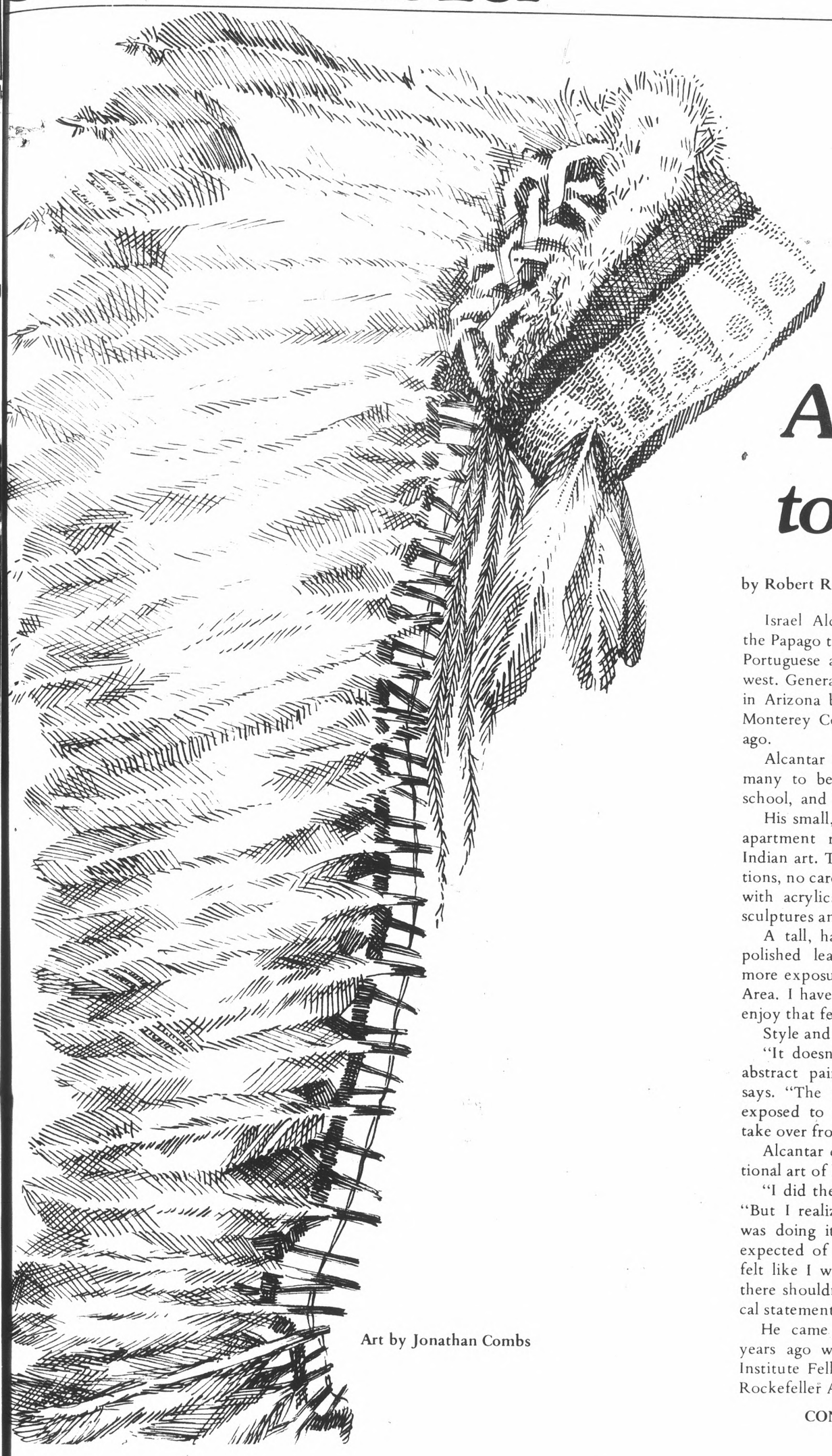

Art by Jonathan Combs

Indian culture: Adapting to the city

by Robert Rubino

Israel Alcantar is an American Indian from the Papago tribe. His last name is the result of Portuguese and Spanish influence in the Southwest. Generations of his ancestors lived and died in Arizona before his parents migrated west to Monterey County, where he was born 25 years ago.

Alcantar would probably be considered by many to be lucky. He's working and going to school, and has a promising future as an artist.

His small, cluttered studio in a San Francisco apartment reveals his break with traditional Indian art. There are no human or animal depictions, no carefully geometrical designs. He works with acrylics, fiberglass and oil; his paintings, sculptures and collages are vividly abstract.

A tall, handsomely lean man with skin like polished leather, Alcantar says that "there's more exposure to different art forms in the Bay Area. I have a feeling of exploration here and I enjoy that feeling."

Style and form are individual choices for him.

"It doesn't matter whether Indians are into abstract painting or realism or whatever," he says. "The main thing is to get the city kids exposed to art. Their own creative forces will take over from there."

Alcantar chose to go beyond the more traditional art of his heritage.

"I did the traditional art for years," he says. "But I realized I wasn't doing it for myself. I was doing it to please others, because it was expected of me to do a certain kind of work. I felt like I was merely taking in orders. Besides, there shouldn't be an obligation to make political statements in art."

He came to the city from Monterey four years ago when he won a San Francisco Art Institute Fellowship. He has also been awarded a Rockefeller Art Fellowship.

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session

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Fourteen Pages

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Bob Smith (an education professor) was chosen president (May, 1968). He had been at the university a long time. He was well respected by the faculty, a senior statesman of the campus. He had a good deal of administrative experience and thus came into the presidency quite comfortably.

Of course it was an extraordinarily difficult situation. It was shocking not only to us, but to the community and the state.

We were receiving a great deal of attention from the press. The chancellor and the Board of Trustees were extremely upset.

By that time we had learned a lot about gathering information through a network of people who were concerned with the institution. So we had a pretty good idea of what was happening and what might happen at the institution.

Bob Smith called a meeting downtown with the attorney general, representatives of the San Francisco Police Department, the FBI and legal representatives from the chancellor's office. We knew what was going to happen in the fall.

We knew then, at the end of May, that a date had been chosen to create a confrontation. Most of the groups involved wanted to effectively stop the institution, to bring it down. And if they could do it with SF State it would be a signal victory.

At the conclusion of the meeting we were told by everyone who was there that our information was accurate. We were told "Good luck and we hope you can handle it successfully." And we said, "What are you talking about, where are you." The only group that did not abandon us was the police department.

This was brand new to us. We had to go through it by trial and error. The object at that time was to avoid confrontation and to protect the lives and property of the community.

Then there was the infamous speech of George Murray in which he was alleged to have ordered people to bring guns to campus. He was a graduate student and part-time teacher in the English Department.

The chancellor and Trustees insisted he be suspended. In our opinion, we felt that was not legal and was foolish. So Bob Smith refused to suspend him.

Just before November 6 we received a telegram ordering his suspension. That was the date we had learned – back in the spring – was to be the time of the confrontation.

We were trying to control the budding acts of vandalism. The media was all over. The reaction of Governor

Continued on Page 4, Column 3

the review committee after reading a March 9 *Phoenix* story about health code violations in the Dining Center, which has been operated by PFM since 1975.

The *Phoenix* article reported that several health code violations were discovered at the Dining Center by a city Health Department inspector. Students also related experiences in the article that they had while working for PFM.

The violations included mouse traps left unset, unclean soda dispensing units, hamburger meat and baked goods uncovered inside the walk-in refrigerator, and spilled "rodent accumulation" in the dry food storage

Continued on Page 7, Column 3

the 1977-78 year. Romberg later refused to sign the AS budget, and the AS remained largely inactive until last month.

Under the new IR funding plan, the activities will be financed by a $4.65 fee that will be added to student registration costs next semester.

SF State's IR Fee Committee was made up of four students, two faculty members and two administrators.

The committee met in a marathon six-hour session last week, working with funding requests from the dean of each school involved with IR activities. Its recommendations were forwarded to Provost Donald Garrity, who passed them on to Romberg.

All disciplines received tentative increases over 1976-77, with the

Shepard Insel

Another dean quits

by Ken Garcia

Shepard A. Insel has resigned as SF State's dean of continuing education in order to resume his teaching duties in the Psychology Department.

His resignation will become effective on Sept. 1, 1978.

In a letter to President Paul F. Romberg, Insel said that "I have always looked upon administration as a temporary assignment with an eventual return to teaching and research."

Insel has been dean of continuing education since 1968. He came to SF State in 1954 and has been in administrative posts since 1957.

Contacted in Maryland, where he is on leave working for the National Cancer Institute, Insel said, "This year has enabled me to gain some much needed perspective about my career plans. I realized that it was time to get back in touch with my students.

"It just seemed like the right time for me to make the break and return to my first love – psychology," he said.

Peter Dewees, acting dean, will continue in Insel's place until a permanent successor is named, Romberg said.

"I feel a great sense of loss. Shep has been very, very good to me," said Dewees.

Romberg said, "I respect Dr. Insel's decision to resign and return to teaching. Under his leadership, continuing education at SF State has made great advances."

Insel's resignation is the third departure in as many weeks by a high-ranking administrator. Earlier, Leo V. Young, dean of Humanities and Provost Donald Garrity left their posts.

Five is enough in Howdy's camper

by L.A. Craig

At a time when most people are looking for ways to beat inflation, 28-year-old Howdy Taylor has found one.

"If you're into alternative lifestyles," he says, "try living in a cab-over-camper with a woman, two kids and a love-starved, 180-pound German police dog. Man, you can kiss your poker parties goodbye."

Howdy, his wife Linda Cordova, 8-year-old Monica, infant Christina and canine Skyler moved into their camper last year so they could afford to make payments on 15 acres of secluded woodland in Sonoma County.

"We were paying four bills a month for a rented house," says Howdy, an aircraft mechanic and part-time college student. "That's crazy.

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There are more drawbacks to living

Continued on Page 2, Column 1

Photo by Carole Chudwick

Howdy Taylor, Linda Cordova, their children (Monica and Christina) and dog Skyler in their cramped camper.

BACKWORDS

Sunday cele at Taylor an

Text and photos by Lynn Carey

As usual, it's standing room only at Glide Memorial's multi-media Sunday service.

The worshipers sway with rhythm, singing a spiritual.

"Did you see those people trying to oppress meee,
Comin' for to carry me home;
But I've got soul and I'm gonna be freeee,
Comin' for to carry me home!"

The words are flashed on a wall from a slide projector. The wall explodes in color.

Most of the crowd claps; some church-goers stomp their feet. Those who really turn on to the music move into the aisle to dance.

"Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home –
Swiiiing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carrrrrry meeee hoooooome!"

As the drums crash to a rousing finish, the congregation applauds. A few people whistle.

An announcer's voice booms, "The city's spiritual revolutionary," and the Rev. Cecil Williams bounds into the spotlight.

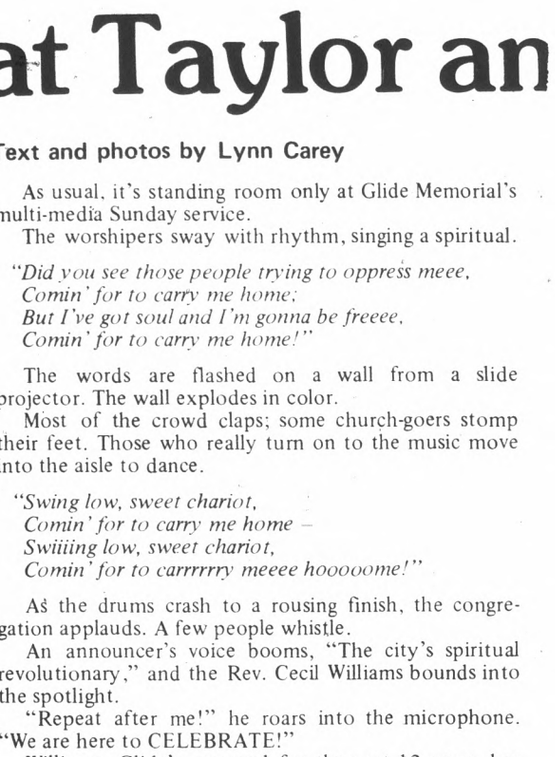
"Repeat after me!" he roars into the microphone. "We are here to CELEBRATE!"

Williams, Glide's reverend for the past 12 years, has attracted visitors from all over the world.

To those who expect a traditional Methodist service, Williams' controversial celebration comes as a surprise and a shock.

Since the black preacher started his reign, average Sunday attendance has soared from 250 to more than 2,000. Some wear church-goin' best, others come in jeans. Everyone has a good time.

Glide was established in 1930 as a memorial to the husband of Elizabeth Glide. The building at Ellis and Taylor was surrounded by posh apartment houses and hotels.



Rev. Cecil Williams: "I try to shake and shock people out of the Jesus/God stuff." At right, Glide Memorial -- standing room only.

Playing wit

Text and photos by David Peterson

The Exploratorium at the Palace of Fine Arts is like the empty hangar of some enormous and forgotten air craft. A few far away skylights admit some light, but until your eyes adjust, the dim recesses of the cavernous building seem to hold only fleeting shadows of movement.

Flickering lights and strange sounds manifest themselves. A brilliant red beam lances across the hall to dance on a distant wall; the tones of what seems to be a far-away organ waver in the air.

Partially hidden by a cluster of people, an eerie purplish-blue glow emanates from a strange piece of artwork.

The blue glow comes from a long glass tube mounted in a fiberglass shell. Fire seems to eddy and flow withing the tube. Colored balls of glowing gas form a long and stately procession which slowly moves from one end of the cylinder to the other. Touching the glass, radiant gases leap to meet your fingers and, as your hand moves, the shining clouds follow to form miniature whirlwinds and patterns of fire.

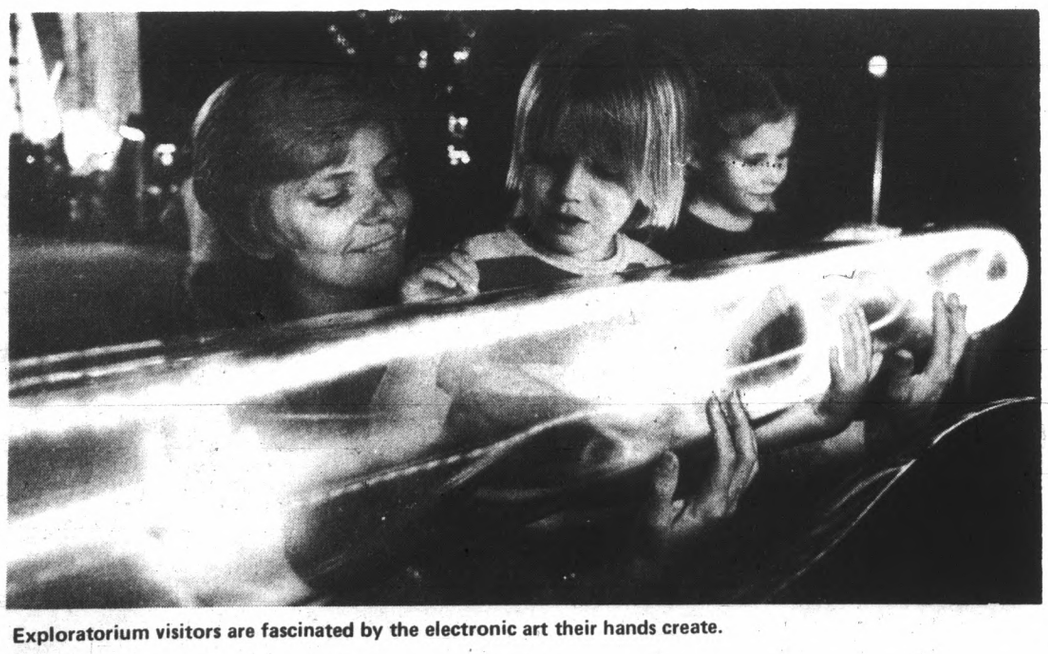
though you only feel the smoothly cool glass, there is a sense of contained force and pent-up power moving only a fraction of an inch from your fingertips. Words such as beautiful, fascinating and fantastical come to mind.

"Conceptually," says Bill Parker, the 25-year-old sculptor of the piece, "it's a surface representation of something that's invisible, but nonetheless real."

Standing high atop one of the Exploratorium's exhibits, Parker adjusts a complex laser display system. Reaching into a pocket, the bearded artist-in- residence removes a cigarette and casually touches the tip to the laser's intense beam. Within seconds it lights.

Temporarily satisfied with the laser's performance, Parker climbs down from his perch and walks to his glowing sculpture. An 11-year-old boy stands before the piece. Assuming an instant rapport, the boy and Parker carry on a spirited discussion of what it's all about.

Parker explains that the glow is the ionization of gas molecules by radio-wave energy. "Our bodies are composed of various fields and particles of matter," says Parker, "and we can interact with the energy fields of those glowing balls to attract them."



Exploratorium visitors are fascinated by the electronic art their hands create.

makes a final brush with his hand, plucking the line of light like a guitar string, and leaves.

When pressed to explain just what makes the sculpture tick, Parker shows a reluctance that is in marked contrast to the enthusiasm displayed before. He usually doesn't discuss the technical nuts-and-bolts aspects that actually make his pieces work, he says, because it enters into specialized knowledge and begins to supplant his intentions as an artist.

"The whole idea is to show things that have never been seen before," he says. "A lot of the technological art that is seen today has a gimmicky taste I find hard to accept. In my own work I try as hard as I can to steer away from the knobs, dials, and switches that look like technology. I'd much rather have those parts totally in the background and removed from view.

A glance at the base of the sculpture shows a plate that reads, "AM Lightning, PLBB, Long Wave, Short Circuit."

"The PLBB stands for Papa Lightning's Blue Balls, Parker says. It took a year and a half for Parker to complete the sculpture. "That," he adds with a smile, "is where the Blue Balls comes from, as well as referring to the blue balls that float around inside it.

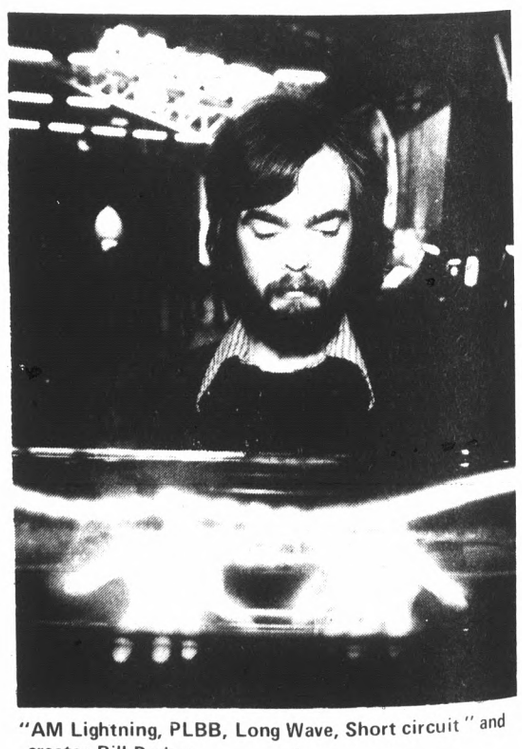
"One of the big problems with my type of art is that the technical grounding takes so long to gain that the output is not nearly as great as I would like it to be."

Parker says one of the main blocks to technical art works has been the probability of breakdown. Many museums, galleries and potential customers are reluctant to acquire a piece that may need constant care and an oil change every thousand miles.

"A lot of them have the attitude that you wouldn't want to change the batteries on your Picasso to enjoy it, so why support a lot of maintenance of a technical piece. And I agree with that," he says.

"I use a thing called Mean Time Between Failures on my stuff," he says "which means you work for the longest life from the weakest component in the system." He laughs and then adds, "What that is is Murphy's Law in reverse. AM Lightning should last for 50 to 75 years before the weakest component fails. All you need to do is rub it a bit to start it with static electricity and that makes it participatory and kind of nice at the same time.

"If we're all around 50 years from now I'm sure someone will want to take care of it ... if they can get the parts."



"AM Lightning, PLBB, Long Wave, Short circuit" and creator Bill Parker.

By the end of the day the shadows in the nearly empty Exploratorium have become much darker. With one flick of a switch the power to the displays is cut and the radiance of "AM Lightning" dies.

Parker watches his inert machine thoughtfully for a moment and then says, "In the realm of poetry, there's a class of technically interested people on the West Coast that don't seem to express the fears of technology that most people have come to expect. Traditionally, poets have shied away from anything harder than a tree, but now here are these guys writing about cars, big airplanes and mechanical devices in a very positive way.

"I believe art has to have something to say. It's like looking inside a watch to see its beauty. Something that's man-made has a curiosity factor that can perhaps give a taste of the unexplainable."

Native Americans: Strange in

From tribal art to modern painting

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

Working in the Art Institute's gallery, Alcantar gives guided tours and also teaches art for six-to-eight -year-olds at the American Indian Center downtown.

"Gallery work takes time away from my art," he says, "but I need to learn how to take care of myself through jobs. I don't really care if people understand or buy my art. It's the vehicle with which I explore. It's important for me as an artist to extend myself, to get away from the generalized and the traditional."

Alcantar's focus on modern art doesn't mean that he has little appreciation of the centuries-old methods and styles of Indian art. He takes pains to explain himself.

"Artistic ability among Indians has been my inspiration since childhood," Alcantar says. "I was lucky to be exposed to the art in our costumes, our furnishings. But in the cities it's important to reach out and try new ways of expression."

That's a glimpse of the artist, whose wrists and neck are adorned with richly-worked silver and turquoise. Alcantar the person is a bit more reluctant to talk about himself.

His large, ebony eyes meet the questioner directly as he overcomes an initial hesitation, mentioning experiences common to many poorer urban dwellers – alienation, fear, and the daily reminders that there are brothers and sisters barely surviving on the streets.

"It hurts not only to see Indians, but any people without hope," he says. "The worst part is not knowing how to help.

"I had a lot of apprehension about living in the city. The loneliness was intense. Even now that I've found things to enjoy about the city, I still go back to Monterey and I go horseback riding, to get away from the crowds and the misery. But it's a funny thing. When I first came to San Francisco, I would go back to Monterey every weekend. Now it's about once every two months."

He has had the unenviable task of adjusting to advanced art training in a school where most students with wealthy backgrounds could easily afford the tuition of $2,000 a semester.

"We didn't have much in common," Alcantar says simply.

His transition from a rural heritage to the mainstream urban life is epitomized by his attire and appearance – a shirt hand-made by a Navajo craftsman and blue jeans from J.C. Penney.

An individual's potential, he believes, will always be challenged by the environment.

"That's why I plan to visit New York City and spend some time there," he says. "Even though it's a frightening thought, I want to say I can do it, that I can make it even in the largest of cities."

CENTERFOLD-PAGE TWO

Israel Alcantar works on a hand loom in the Downtown Center Gallery, where he has a weaving exhibit. Photo by Lynn Ca

From a celebrity to a community organizer

Her name strikes chords of recognition among non-Indians, probably for the wrong reasons.

In March of 1972, Sacheen Littlefeather (part White Mountain Apache, Yaqui and Chumash Indian) stood before a national TV audience. Accepting Marlon Brando's Best Actor trophy at the Academy Awards ceremonies, Littlefeather called for the end of Hollywood's negative stereotyping of Native Americans.

Today, Littlefeather works at the American Indian Center in San Francisco's Mission District as its resourse liaison. Her duties include fund-raising for Indian scholarships, community outreach and alerting the media to Indian employment and consumer needs.

"For the average American citizen," Littlefeather said, "Indians simply don't exist. And we don't exist because we're not on television. American Indians have zero visibility in the media.

"A lot of television and radio stations satisfy the Federal Communications Commission by claiming to have Indian employees. But my research indicates that a lot of those people are less than one-fourth native American. They have some romantic notion about claiming to be Indian. We're planning to challenge this kind of pseudo affirmative action."

As she sat at her cluttered desk in the old, cramped center offices on Valencia Street, Littlefeather gave several impressions simultaneously.

Hers is a classic beauty: high cheekbones and oval face; large, luminous, widely-seperated dark eyes, long, thick black hair, a perfect smile.

She likes to name drop Brando, Redford, Newman and other celebrities with whom she is acquainted. She is proud of her heritage. "I am rich in culture and spirit, my people are the dethroned nobility of this country."

And she is more than a trifle condescending. "I'm not fond of white Americans. They're very ordinary. There are some I like, of course, but they must be positive and extraordinary people."

Littlefeather, along with the staff at the center, is current preparing and organizing publici for the 1978 American Indian Fil Festival.

"The film festival is not a po ical thing," Littlefeather said. "T purpose is to illuminate the ima of native Americans ... to emp filmmaking as a joyful expressi of who we are as a people."

Littlefeather attended San Jo State, Fordham University in Ne York City and Cal State Hayward majoring in education and drama Unlike most contemporary Indian undergoing the transition from rural life and traditional values t the urban experience of a whit world, Littlefeather's difficulti were reversed.

"I was born and raise in th city," she said. "But as a teenager, decided to choose a tradition Indian lifestyle. I had to le about my heritage."

That decision resulted in a t to Arizona and several years working to win the favor of h grandparents.

"Many of the other Ind people laughed and gave me a r rough time. They told me I co never be an Indian because I from a white man's world."

"I grew up knowing only w white Americans wanted me know," Littlefeather said. "No know who I am and I love me for who I am."

in their ancestral homeland

Tradition-bound in a modern world

by Marysue Smith

Many American Indians with urban lives face the dilemna of how to remain faithful to their tribal heritage. Some opt for a dual lifestyle, making concessions to mainstream society while conscious of their ancestry. Others prefer to follow customs and beliefs as much as possible.

Vernon Ketcheshawno has made a choice. Living closely to the traditions of his tribe, he also immerses himself in academia at SF State.

A Kickapoo Indian from Oklahoma, he has been chairman of the Native American Studies Department for the past two years.

"I look upon myself as a traditional Indian person, in that I participate in traditional Indian activities, particularly my own tribal religion. I'm a member of two tribal medicine clans," Ketcheshawno says. He is also the lead singer and coordinator for a traditional singing group.

About eight out of ten Indians accept the idea that they're going to be part of the mainstream culture, he says.

"They're seeking some kind of a balance to maintain their identity. The other two are very traditional tribal-type people. What they take from modern society is taken with reserve. They may just go to their jobs and then home to work on crafts. They stay pretty much to themselves and associate with people like themselves," Ketcheshawno says, his long black hair tied in a ponytail.

"I was born and raised in Indian ways. For the first eighteen years of my life I lived in an Indian house," he says.

Ketcheshawno spoke Kickapoo before learning English at age 5. Attending a reservation school, he walked a mile to reach the school bus.

Growing up in Oklahoma, he says he "was fortunate to participate in some very ancient ways. Some of it entails secret knowledge that never goes beyond the clan leadership."

The Oklahoma Kickapoo tribe is linked with two Kickapoo tribes in Mexico -- one in Chihuahua and the other in Coahuila.

Ketcheshawno also has hereditary and traditional ties with the tribes in Mexico, and makes periodic visits to both places. His father was from Mexico and his mother from Oklahoma.

At 38, he is a principal spokesman for the Kickapoo tribes.

"Because of my hereditary position, the tribe in Mexico calls me when they need me," he says.

"I'm subject to calls where ever I am. And I go. No question about it. I went down there last summer. And I went to Provo, Utah, because some tribal members were in trouble there," he adds.

The Kickapoos in Mexico rely on migratory farmwork in the United States as a mainstay. They work a circuit from Wyoming and Utah to Florida, returning to Mexico after saving their earnings.

Not too much is known about Kickapoo culture, he says, because they prefer to keep it that way. "We felt our way was better -- still feel this way." He is mater-of-fact, without a trace of arrogance.

With an almost playful sense of wry humor, he talks of Indians' problems with urban life.

Contact with their tribal homes is still strong for Indian families who have moved to cities. "When you talk to many families, you find that they've never made a mental break with their tribal areas," he says. "They regard their stay here as temporary -- home is where the tribe and relatives are."

In 1969, a survey in Oakland concluded that 50 percent of Indian families had a relative living in the household who had just arrived from the reservation. At that time, only 60 percent of those surveyed had found jobs; the return rate was 50 percent.

Close to 100 tribes are represented in the Bay Area's Indian population of 45,000, including groups from the Northwest, the East, and the Southwest, says Ketcheshawno. The major tribes are the Navaho, the Sioux, and the Chippewa.

In 1950, official census records show that 26 percent of Indians in California lived in urban areas; in 1960, 53 percent, and recent figures show 65 percent. The Indian population in California nearly tripled from 1960 to 1970.

The increase in numbers of Indians migrating to cities was due largely to a relocation program started in 1957 by the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

The federal relocation program moved many Indians from their tribal areas to urban areas for job training and work. The program slowed down in the 1970s as job training began to be offered on reservations.

A negative aspect of relocation, Ketcheshawno says, is that the program took people away from their cultural homes. The government wanted Indians to enter modern society and to forsake their tribal ways, he adds.

Ketcheshawno is on the board of directors for the Urban Indian Health Board, a nonprofit corporation which operates the Native American Health Center in San Francisco.

He stresses that Indians didn't become rich when they moved to urban areas.

"People are under this misconception that the government does everything for Indian people," he says. "People like to believe their government is fair. Some think that every Indian gets a monthly paycheck from the government."

It's important to him that tribal areas remain intact, as undeveloped land and as ancestral territory.

Currently, legislation is being proposed before Congress which would alter several federal statutes affecting Indians.

One of these amendments, HR 9054, called the "Native Americans Opportunity Act," was introduced by Rep. John Cunningham (R-Wash.). Among other provisions, the bill would nullify all treaties made by the federal government with Indian tribes. The bill would also divide up reservation land and allot it to adult members of tribes, and subject all Indian lands to local laws and taxation.

The bill, pending in the House Interior Committee, is one of the targets of a 3,000 mile protest march to Washington, D.C., by Indians who consider the legislation unfair.

"If all this legislation goes through, it will cut off anything from the government that now goes to Indians," Ketcheshawno says. "In one legislative sweep, treaty agreements will be gone, as well as any legal precedents that recognize tribal sovereignty."

Of the traditional upbringing that he chooses to adhere to, he says: "It's given me an internal strength that I've relied on to ease my adventures into the modern world.

"I know who I am. That's what it's done for me."

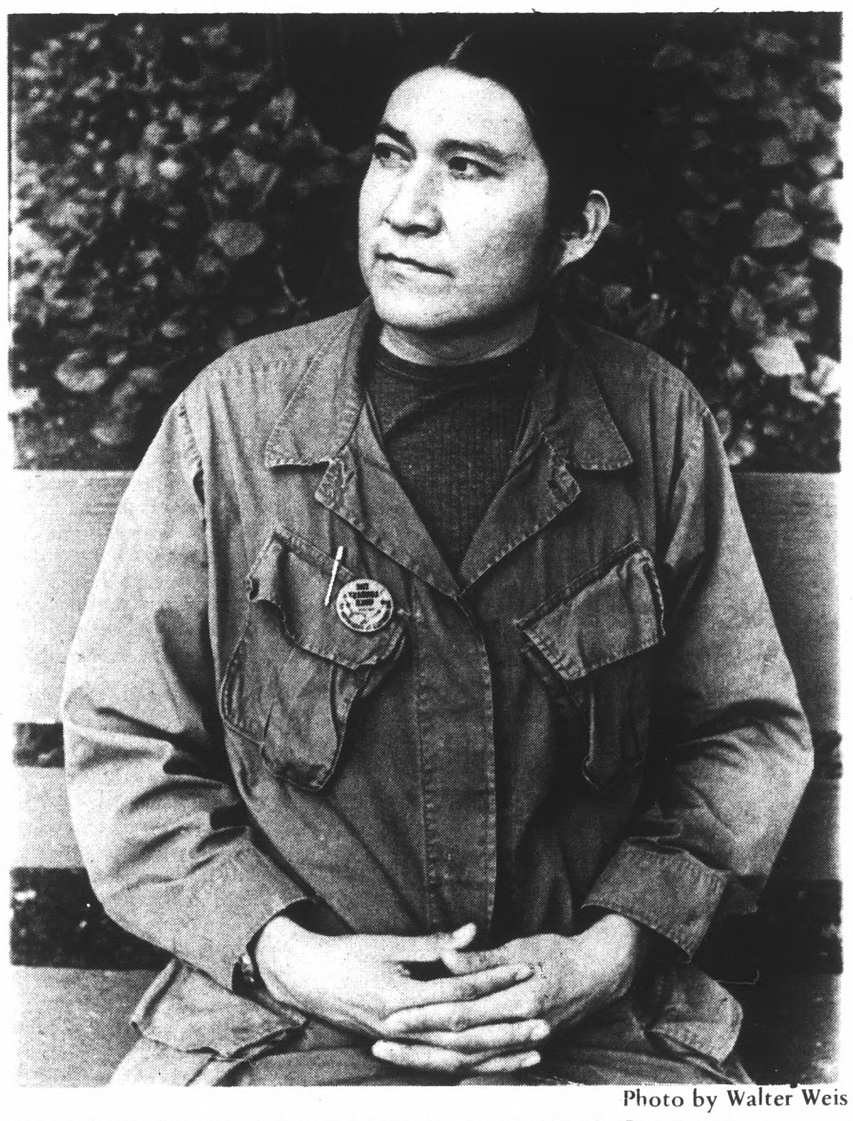


Photo by Walter Weis

Vernon Ketcheshawno is chairman of the Native American Studies Department.

CENTERFOLD-PAGE THREE

session

Fourteen Pages

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Bob Smith (an education professor) was chosen president (May, 1968). He had been at the university a long time. He was well respected by the faculty, a senior statesman of the campus. He had a good deal of administrative experience and thus came into the presidency quite comfortably.

Of course it was an extraordinarily difficult situation. It was shocking not only to us, but to the community and the state.

We were receiving a great deal of attention from the press. The chancellor and the Board of Trustees were extremely upset.

By that time we had learned a lot about gathering information through a network of people who were concerned with the institution. So we had a pretty good idea of what was happening and what might happen at the institution.

Bob Smith called a meeting downtown with the attorney general, representatives of the San Francisco Police Department, the FBI and legal representatives from the chancellor's office. We knew what was going to happen in the fall.

We knew then, at the end of May, that a date had been chosen to create a confrontation. Most of the groups involved wanted to effectively stop the institution, to bring it down. And if they could do it with SF State it would be a signal victory.

At the conclusion of the meeting we were told by everyone who was there that our information was accurate. We were told "Good luck and we hope you can handle it successfully." And we said, "What are you talking about, where are you." The only group that did not abandon us was the police department.

This was brand new to us. We had to go through it by trial and error. The object at that time was to avoid confrontation and to protect the lives and property of the community.

Then there was the infamous speech of George Murray in which he was alleged to have ordered people to bring guns to campus. He was a graduate student and part-time teacher in the English Department.

The chancellor and Trustees insisted he be suspended. In our opinion, we felt that was not legal and was foolish. So Bob Smith refused to suspend him.

Just before November 6 we received a telegram ordering his suspension. That was the date we had learned – back in the spring – was to be the time of the confrontation.

We were trying to control the budding acts of vandalism. The media was all over. The reaction of Governor

Continued on Page 4, Column 3

the review committee after reading a March 9 *Phoenix* story about health code violations in the Dining Center, which has been operated by PFM since 1975.

The *Phoenix* article reported that several health code violations were discovered at the Dining Center by a city Health Department inspector. Students also related experiences in the article that they had while working for PFM.

The violations included mouse traps left unset, unclean soda dispensing units, hamburger meat and baked goods uncovered inside the walk-in refrigerator, and spilled "rodent accumulation" in the dry food storage

refused to pay for IR activities during the 1977-78 year. Romberg later refused to sign the AS budget, and the AS remained largely inactive until last month.

Under the new IR funding plan, the activities will be financed by a $4.65 fee that will be added to student registration costs next semester.

SF State's IR Fee Committee was made up of four students, two faculty members and two administrators.

The committee met in a marathon six-hour session last week, working with funding requests from the dean of each school involved with IR activities. Its recommendations were forwarded to Provost Donald Garrity, who passed them on to Romberg.

All disciplines received tentative increases over 1976-77, with the

Continued on Page 7, Column 3

Five is enough in Howdy's camper

by L.A. Craig

At a time when most people are looking for ways to beat inflation, 28-year-old Howdy Taylor has found one.

"If you're into alternative lifestyles," he says, "try living in a cab-over-camper with a woman, two kids and a love-starved, 180-pound German police dog. Man, you can kiss your poker parties goodbye."

Howdy, his wife Linda Cordova, 8-year-old Monica, infant Christina and canine Skyler moved into their camper last year so they could afford to make payments on 15 acres of secluded woodland in Sonoma County.

"We were paying four bills a month for a rented house," says Howdy, an aircraft mechanic and part-time college student. "That's crazy.

"By applying that and what we paid for utilities, we'll have enough to build one of those pre-fab Lincoln Log houses by next year."

The camper – one of those long, deluxe jobs with a kitchen, bathroom, dining nook and sleeping space for two-and-a-half – is parked near the water at Crown State Beach in Alameda.

Seated in the nook, Howdy and Linda give the finer points of mobile American living.

"We have some conveniences," says Linda. "Our television and cassette deck run off batteries. The baby sleeps with Howdy and me up over the cab and Monica sleeps here on the seat cushions. It's a little cramped sometimes, but we get by."

Howdy says, "It just takes getting used to. Like that movie *Papillon* when Steve McQueen gets five years in solitary. Hell, he got used to it."

"Yeah," adds Linda. "After all his hair fell out. Anyway, you still bash your head in getting out of bed in the morning."

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"It's still nice to crash where you park," he says. "That is, if you find someplace that's cool. Some people really get bent when you park in front of their house and start cooking supper.

"We used to park in the employee's lot at Oakland Airport. It was convenient all right, especially since we only get four miles to the gallon. But it was impossible to get any sleep with jets cruising around all night long."

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And he pours himself a big slug.

There are more drawbacks to living

Continued on Page 2, Column 1

Photo by Carole Chudwick

Howdy Taylor, Linda Cordova, their children (Monica and Christina) and dog Skyler in their cramped camper.

Shepard Insel

Another dean quits

by Ken Garcia

Shepard A. Insel has resigned as SF State's dean of continuing education in order to resume his teaching duties in the Psychology Department.

His resignation will become effective on Sept. 1, 1978.

In a letter to President Paul F. Romberg, Insel said that "I have always looked upon administration as a temporary assignment with an eventual return to teaching and research."

Insel has been dean of continuing education since 1968. He came to SF State in 1954 and has been in administrative posts since 1957.

Contacted in Maryland, where he is on leave working for the National Cancer Institute, Insel said, "This year has enabled me to gain some much needed perspective about my career plans. I realized that it was time to get back in touch with my students.

"It just seemed like the right time for me to make the break and return to my first love – psychology," he said.

Peter Dewees, acting dean, will continue in Insel's place until a permanent successor is named, Romberg said.

"I feel a great sense of loss. Shep has been very, very good to me," said Dewees.

Romberg said, "I respect Dr. Insel's decision to resign and return to teaching. Under his leadership, continuing education at SF State has made great advances."

Insel's resignation is the third departure in as many weeks by a high-ranking administrator. Earlier, Leo V. Young, dean of Humanities and Provost Donald Garrity left their posts.

BACKWORDS

Sunday cel at Taylor ar

Text and photos by Lynn Carey

As usual, it's standing room only at Glide Memorial's multi-media Sunday service.

The worshipers sway with rhythm, singing a spiritual.

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Comin' for to carry me home;
But I've got soul and I'm gonna be freeee,
Comin' for to carry me home!"

The words are flashed on a wall from a slide projector. The wall explodes in color.

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As the drums crash to a rousing finish, the congregation applauds. A few people whistle.

An announcer's voice booms, "The city's spiritual revolutionary," and the Rev. Cecil Williams bounds into the spotlight.

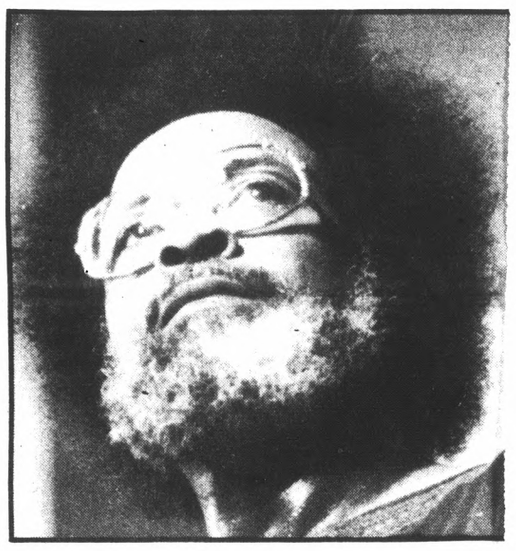
"Repeat after me!" he roars into the microphone. "We are here to CELEBRATE!"

Williams, Glide's reverend for the past 12 years, has attracted visitors from all over the world.

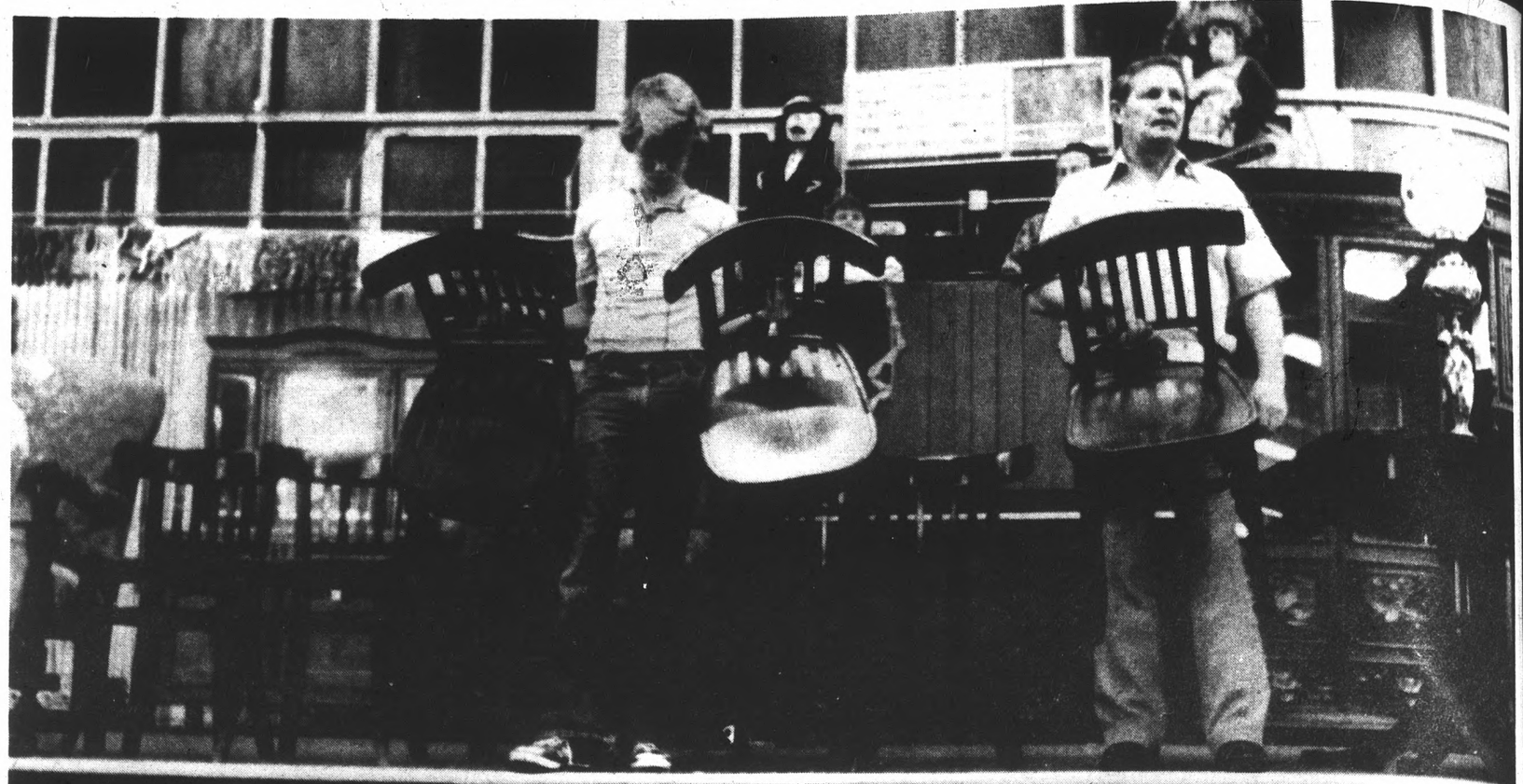
To those who expect a traditional Methodist service, Williams' controversial celebration comes as a surprise and a shock.

Since the black preacher started his reign, average Sunday attendance has soared from 250 to more than 2,000. Some wear church-goin' best, others come in jeans. Everyone has a good time.

Glide was established in 1930 as a memorial to the husband of Elizabeth Glide. The building at Ellis and Taylor was surrounded by posh apartment houses and hotels.



Rev. Cecil Williams: "I try to shake and shock peo out of the Jesus/God stuff." At right, Glide Memoria standing room only.



A night at the auction

Photo by Joan Kadin

by Laurie Strand

Rows of wooden church pews are filled with people intently watching the man at a podium on the stage. His endless litany reverberates around the cavernous room.

No, it isn't mass at Grace Cathedral. It's an antiques auction in Concord, presided over not be a priest invoking blessings, but an auctioneer invoking dollars. His ritualized chant hums with a bizarre melody and even stranger lyrics. "Five dollars, gimme seven-and-a-half, five dollars, gimme seven . . . " The scenario could be called American competition at its gut level; the highest bidder wins.

A jungle of furniture lines the sides of King Auction Studio, a huge warehouse. A few latecomers wander through the conglomeration of bureaus, chandeliers, sideboards and bedsteads, inspecting mirrored armoires, running their hands appreciatively across the tops of marbled commodes. The rest give their full attention to the auctioneer selling his wares.

Red, yellow and green plastic flags festoon the stage and lend a county fair ambience to the event, as people munch hot dogs and popcorn, washed down with coffee and coke. The decor is hardly that of an elegant, palatial estate sale. The slightly shabby warehouse resembles a kind of "poor man's antique auction." After one sale is made, the auctioneer squeezes a box, making a purple plush monkey jump up and down convulsively on the stage.

The auctioneer scarcely stops to take a breath before going on to sing and hawk his next item. A small boy brings him endless cups of coffee as a panacea for his hoarse voice. When the bidding response to a rosewood bureau or a bronze lamp isn't competitive enough, he breaks his song to remark, "you guys are sleepin' tonight!"

The man behind the podium runs the show. He's Bill Vavrick, owner of the studio. He sports a thin black pencil mustache that gives him the look of an old-time circus ring leader. A gold medallion the size of a silver dollar hangs between his open-necked silk shirt. A big gold ring on his third finger flashes with diamonds.

The mesmerized audience belies the fact that San Francisco is less than 30 miles away. It could be a small country town in Texas as cowboy hats and polyester leisure suits mingle with blue jeans and down jackets. Vavrick says that "80 percent of my customers are from the Bay Area – San Francisco, Oakland, Walnut Creek, San Rafael, San Jose – all over."

A quasi-suburban couple in their 20's explain, "We're here looking for a bargain." Gary Makel, a bearded sales representative from Concord and his wife Jane come to King Auction about once a month. "Though we mostly come for fun, we always end up buying something," Gary says. "We're doing our house in early wreck."

Vavrick's show includes more than just odd items of furniture. After starting out 20 years ago with a used furniture store, he's had the auction in Concord for the last 12 years. "Now I have four buyers in France and Belgium and two in England," he explained. "They ship the stuff over here in forty-foot containers. The highest price I ever got was for a Gothic French dining-room set, ten feet high, that went for thirty-four hundred dollars."

Vavrick says he caters to everyone's needs, whims and desires. "We have a general selection of furniture, whatever you need for your home. An item usually sells for between fifty and fifteen hundred dollars." His outlook is more practical than most collectors and sellers of antiques. He prefers to laud the endurance of older furniture, rather than the beauty. "A hundred-year-old antique bed will last another hundred years," he says.

He explained the way his auction is run. "People make a twenty dollar deposit for a bidding number. Then they're free to bid on whatever they want." In exchange for the 20 bucks, a blue painted paddle with the bidding number on it is given to the customer, who raises it to enter the bidding. The old hand signals used at auctions for over 200 years have been replaced today by numbers, says Vavrick's son, Ron, who sits beside his father and records the winning numbers. Ron, a fast-talker like his father – an occupational hazard it seems – explains the change-over. "It used to be everyone knew each other. Nowadays, who do you know and who can you trust? You gotta use numbers."

It's a game, a kind of furniture gambling, and no one is more aware of it than Vavrick. "I try to outguess the bidders," he says, "and naturally, they try to outguess the other bidders."

Vavrick tells a story of how things can completely change around during the bidding game. "Three months back, I had a pair of sterling silver candlesticks. A dealer hollered out fifty dollars, so I went, 'do I hear seventy-five, do I hear seventy, do I hear sixty.' By the time the bidding was over they sold for four hundred dollars."

Vavrick says that many furniture dealers from San Francisco are among his regular customers at the weekly Wednesday night auctions. Some come from as far away as Long Beach, Fresno, and Modesto," he adds.

"I've been coming here every week for about three years," said Edna Grenoble, a gray-haired woman, dressed in slacks and a maroon windbreaker worn over an orange one. She buys stock for her Vallejo antique shop, "usually dining sets, wardrobes and pianos. Really, anything if it's a bargain," she laughed.

Across the aisle, three members of the Coast Guard in Alameda sit solemnly in the church pews. "You wouldn't believe why we came here," Dan Hiskin grins sheepishly. "Simply for lack of anything better to do. We're not planning on bidding at all."

Although the bidders come from all over the Bay Area, Vavrick says a number of people seem to know one another. An attractive dark-haired man mutters discreetly to a young woman who greets him with an exuberant "Hi!" "Look," he whispers, "I'm with the wife tonight." Another couple falls into each other's arms. "It's been so long!"

The bidding moves along swiftly. Within half an hour of the auction's start, Vavrick has already gone through all the smaller goods – vases, stained glass windows, clocks – and is approaching the bigger furniture. The chance to buy a dollar vase is gone, and the eight hefty men Vavrick employs have begun shifting the heavier items onto the stage.

He steadily prompts the bidders, dotting his spiel of "gimme twelve, twelve-and-a-half," with "boy, they're beautiful," and "don't be so cheap." A brass anchor lamp is snatched up for $110. A country dining room set goes for $450. He talks a French Renaissance sideboard up to $800, after scolding, "You guys are way wrong here, look at the carving, gimme . . . "

With the rapid-fire pitch, the cautious and the timid must move quickly to lift their blue paddles in time to get their bid in. Some items are sold in less than 30 seconds.

Most bidders barely raise a half-bent arm to indicate they want in on the bidding, but Vavrick and his son see them all. So if a bidder isn't careful, an inadvertently scratched neck could be mistaken for a bid. A dealer says, "One time my husband flipped a cigarette, and that was a bid. So he got a little old vase he didn't want." But most are on their guard, careful not to yawn or blow their nose at the wrong moment.

Vavrick slams his gavel down on a sale, and pauses in his tirade to exclaim, "We try to be as honest as we can. Everything must sell tonight!"

Earlier he had explained that he usually has "a running inventory of $30,000 to $75,000." Everything is usually sold by 10:30 p.m. he says.

By 9 p.m. however, some people have already gotten what they came for, and begin drifting out of the building. Others have seen enough and become restless, departing, perhaps to return next week with better luck. The sound of Vavrick's hoarse voice booms out the door behind them. "Gimme two-fifty, gimme two-seventy-five, gimme three . . . "

CENTERFOLD-PAGE FOUR

Playing wi

Text and photos by David Peterson

The Exploratorium at the Palace of Fine Arts is like the empty hangar of some enormous and forgotten air craft. A few far away skylights admit some light, but until your eyes adjust, the dim recesses of the cavernous building seem to hold only fleeting shadows of movement.

Flickering lights and strange sounds manifest themselves. A brilliant red beam lances across the hall to dance on a distant wall; the tones of what seems to be a far-away organ waver in the air.

Partially hidden by a cluster of people, an eerie purplish-blue glow emanates from a strange piece of artwork.

The blue glow comes from a long glass tube mounted in a fiberglass shell. Fire seems to eddy and flow withing the tube. Colored balls of glowing gas form a long and stately procession which slowly moves from one end of the cylinder to the other. Touching the glass, radiant gases leap to meet your fingers and, as your hand moves, the shining clouds follow to form miniature whirlwinds and patterns of fire.

though you only feel the smoothly cool glass, there is a sense of contained force and pent-up power moving only a fraction of an inch from your fingertips. Words such as beautiful, fascinating and fantastical come to mind.

"Conceptually," says Bill Parker, the 25-year-old sculptor of the piece, "it's a surface representation of something that's invisible, but nonetheless real."

Standing high atop one of the Exploratorium's exhibits, Parker adjusts a complex laser display system. Reaching into a pocket, the bearded artist-in- residence removes a cigarette and casually touches the tip to the laser's intense beam. Within seconds it lights.

Temporarily satisfied with the laser's performance, Parker climbs down from his perch and walks to his glowing sculpture. An 11-year-old boy stands before the piece. Assuming an instant rapport, the boy and Parker carry on a spirited discussion of what it's all about.

Parker explains that the glow is the ionization of gas molecules by radio-wave energy. "Our bodies are composed of various fields and particles of matter," says Parker, "and we can interact with the energy fields of those glowing balls to attract them."

makes a final brush with his hand, plucking the line of light like a guitar string, and leaves.

When pressed to explain just what makes the sculpture tick, Parker shows a reluctance that is in marked contrast to the enthusiasm displayed before. He usually doesn't discuss the technical nuts-and-bolts aspects that actually make his pieces work, he says, because it enters into specialized knowledge and begins to supplant his intentions as an artist.

"The whole idea is to show things that have never been seen before," he says. "A lot of the technological art that is seen today has a gimmicky taste I find hard to accept. In my own work I try as hard as I can to steer away from the knobs, dials, and switches that look like technology. I'd much rather have those parts totally in the background and removed from view.

A glance at the base of the sculpture shows a plate that reads, "AM Lightning, PLBB, Long Wave, Short Circuit."

"The PLBB stands for Papa Lightning's Blue Balls, Parker says. It took a year and a half for Parker to complete the sculpture. "That," he adds with a smile, "is where the Blue Balls comes from, as well as referring to the blue balls that float around inside it.

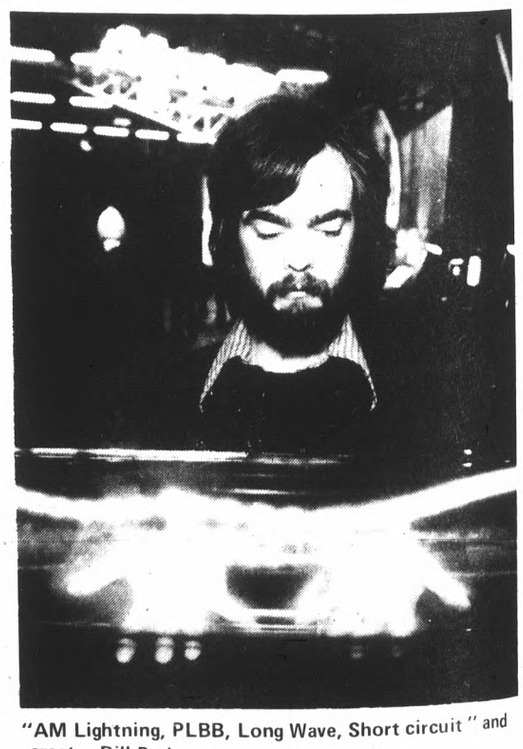
"One of the big problems with my type of art is that the technical grounding takes so long to gain that the output is not nearly as great as I would like it to be."

Parker says one of the main blocks to technical art works has been the probability of breakdown. Many museums, galleries and potential customers are reluctant to acquire a piece that may need constant care and an oil change every thousand miles.

"A lot of them have the attitude that you wouldn't want to change the batteries on your Picasso to enjoy it, so why support a lot of maintenance of a technical piece. And I agree with that," he says.

"I use a thing called Mean Time Between Failures on my stuff," he says "which means you work for the longest life from the weakest component in the system." He laughs and then adds, "What that is is Murphy's Law in reverse. AM Lightning should last for 50 to 75 years before the weakest component fails. All you need to do is rub it a bit to start it with static electricity and that makes it participatory and kind of nice at the same time.

"If we're all around 50 years from now I'm sure someone will want to take care of it ... if they can get the parts."



"AM Lightning, PLBB, Long Wave, Short circuit" and creator Bill Parker.

By the end of the day the shadows in the nearly empty Exploratorium have become much darker. With one flick of a switch the power to the displays is cut and the radiance of "AM Lightning" dies.

Parker watches his inert machine thoughtfully for a moment and then says, "In the realm of poetry, there's a class of technically interested people on the West Coast that don't seem to express the fears of technology that most people have come to expect. Traditionally, poets have shied away from anything harder than a tree, but now here are these guys writing about cars, big airplanes and mechanical devices in a very positive way.

"I believe art has to have something to say. It's like looking inside a watch to see its beauty. Something that's man-made has a curiosity factor that can perhaps give a taste of the unexplainable."

Exploratorium visitors are fascinated by the electronic art their hands create.